

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London  
September 4, 1946



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LONDON

SEPTEMBER 4, 1946

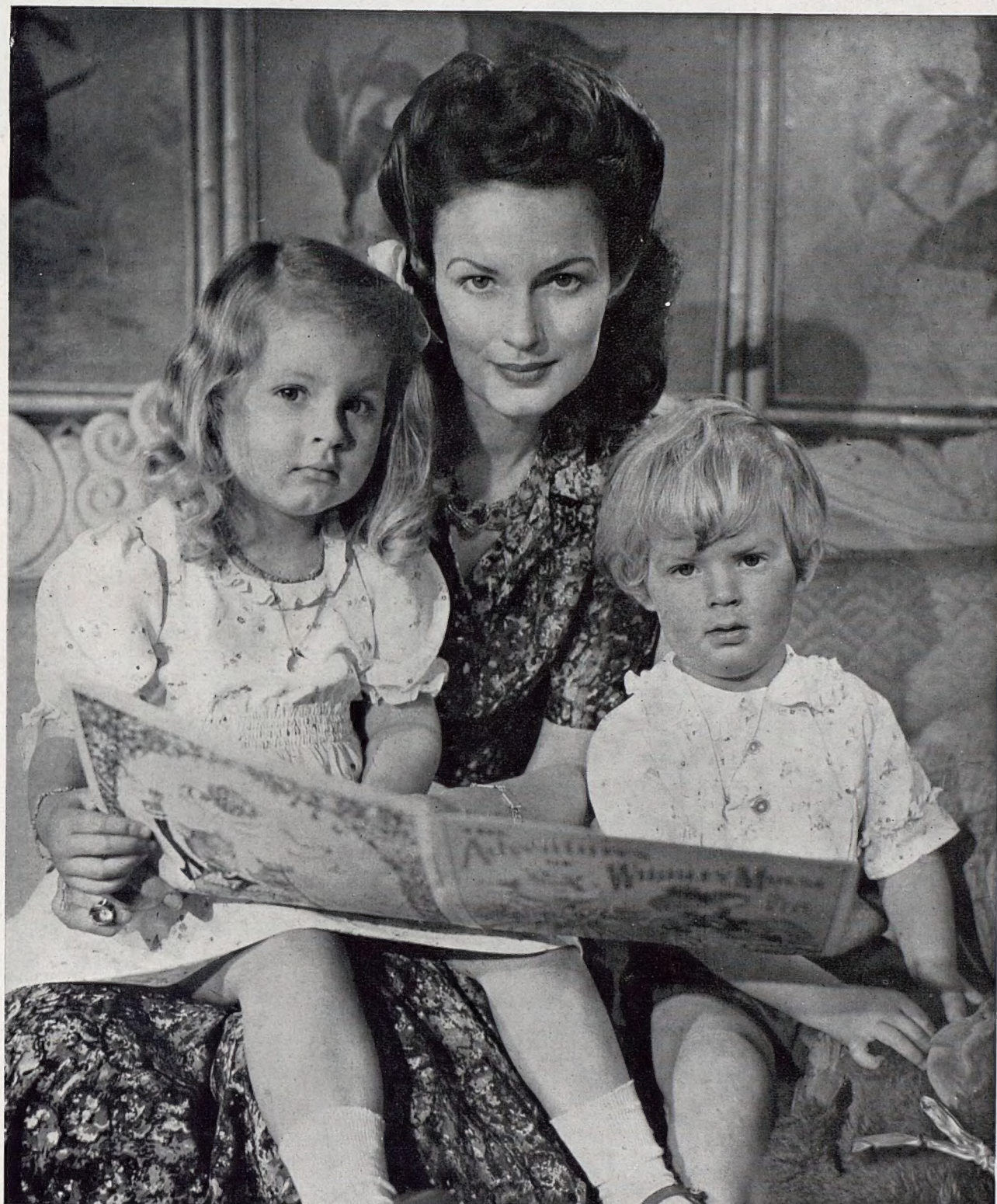
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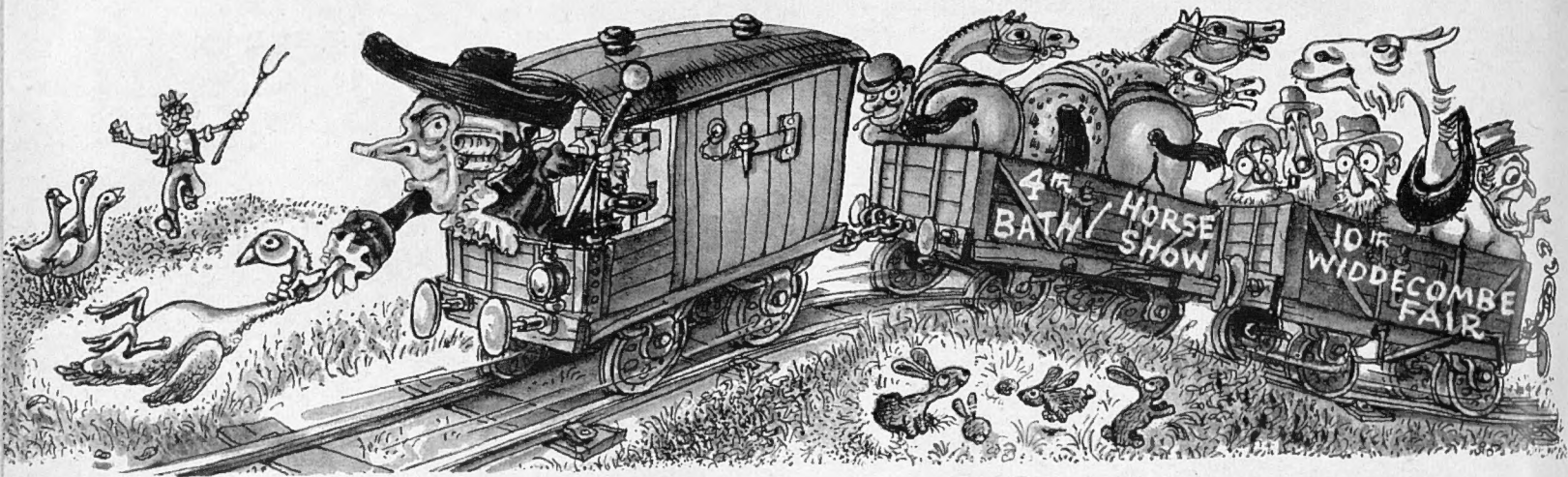


Baron

## Lady Marguerite Haywood With Her Children

Lady Marguerite Haywood is the first daughter of the ninth Earl of Darnley, and is married to Wing Commander Gordon Haywood, R.A.F. They live near Gravesend. Their son and daughter, Garath and Lucinda, who are twins, are three years old, and among their godfathers are Group Captain A. B. ("Sailor") Malan, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, one of the war's outstanding fighter pilots and commanders, and Baron, the photographer, who took this charming portrait





## SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH'S

## PORTRAITS IN

PETER FLEMING was recently discussing the melancholy, the unease that broods over England these days. With much of his analysis one must agree. We are not actively unhappy, neither are we happy. We dislike the regimentation of our lives; and possibly the process of abdication from our Imperial throne is a little too swift for our blood-flow. But I believe there is a deeper cause for unease than any which Peter Fleming has specified—what I must portentously call the politico-philosophic problem, a problem that disturbs even the least politically inclined of us.

When I entered the Diplomatic Service at the end of the 'twenties, most of my contemporaries deplored any concern with foreign affairs. You could go into the Army, or one of the more elegant banking houses; there was the House of Commons, or the exacting career of a Man of Fashion; you could enter a museum, and become learned about Isenbrand or Stefano della Bella; you could write and wait for your genius to be hailed; or become, if you were very special, a regular contributor to some smart weekly review, and announce what Diaghileff, or Hemingway, Gide, Faulkner, and above all Rainer Maria Rilke had to offer our upper-middle classes. But the one subject which was almost taboo was international politics.

The instinct was undoubtedly sound. "Happy is the country that has no history." And when a relative described a recent article of mine on this page as "not worth reading because it was all about Russia," she spoke with the authentic voice of sense.

**Civilization and Privacy**

LIKE love, civilization to prosper needs some privacy—privacy from power politics, and economics, and sociology. Before the war I used to deplore Wystan Auden's preoccupation with politics; to me it seemed the squandering of a rare muse. I held before me as a model of civilized detachment the correspondence of Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hoffmannstahl between 1914-18, into which no mention of the war of the period was allowed to intrude. And I should dearly love to emulate the sublime disdain for the footling activities of the ordinary world shown by Robert Herrick in 1648, when evicted by the Puritans from his Devonshire living. Though the world might tumble about him, he yet published his *Hesperides*, and in its "Argument" could declare, with truth:—

"I write of Youth, of Love, and have Access

"By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantoness.  
"I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece

"Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.

"I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write  
"How Roses first came Red, and Lilies White. . . ."

We may well envy this dispassion. Yet would Strauss or Herrick have achieved anything like it, had they known their culture was lying half in ruins, and wholly in danger of final destruction, had they seen ten years' suffering and violence leave unsolved the problem which has hung over the world for the best part of a generation—whether the future lies with the liberal society or the police tyranny.

The issue was obscured in the early days of the war by our own rulers—whether from design or muddle-headedness, who shall say?—and by the fortuitous acquisition of unexpected allies. We were taught to believe the war, indeed the entire threat to liberty, was the work of one or at best two wicked men. But Hitler and Mussolini are gone, and tyranny, the totalitarian menace, remains with us. No wonder the English are a trifle dejected. Possessed of a highly developed political instinct, they cannot content themselves, as can the Americans, with just fearing the Russians or the possibility of a new slump. They know that a new war would decide nothing, except our final ruin. Yet, in my experience, the simplest mechanic, the busiest farmer, though they forgot long ago their mite of history, know in their bones that we are approaching such a crisis as can only be likened to the beginning of the Dark Ages.

**Degrelle**

IN this connection, I cannot summon up any violent indignation over the disappearance from his Spanish refuge of Léon Degrelle, the Belgian Fascist leader and traitor. We knew Degrelle somewhat in Belgium, just before the war, when his Rexist party had set the country at sixes and sevens. His vitality moved the staid Belgian crowds to frenzy, and lent him a charm which he exercised very skillfully. Plump, gay, breathless, of all the Fascist scallywags I ever met, he was the least tedious, except perhaps the dissolute, cynical crew about Ciano. It is strange to think that a man who wished to set up in Belgium a police tyranny so near the Communist, should have wasted his time during the war in raising

volunteers to fight beside the Germans in Russia. But as James Burnham in his *Managerial Revolution* prophesied before Germany and Russia went to war, there is every reason for one dictatorship to hate another. After all, in two millennia of Christianity, Christians have persecuted and massacred infinitely more of their co-religionists than they have of pagans.

But to return to Degrelle. Before me lies a book entitled *Un homme . . . un chef*. LEON DEGRELLE, with the "Chief's" cocky prosperous little profile, and smooth, seal-like pate. He looks like any playboy who might make a dabble in plastics, between a winter in Palm Beach and spring in Hamamet. Inside, on the fly-leaf, he claims to be our friend. Friend? The issue has deepened and blackened immeasurably in nine years. How can one be friends with any protagonist of the totalitarian state, whether Fascist or Communist? And the Belgian State were absolutely right to convict Degrelle as a war criminal. Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering whether the only difference between him and some of the dictators who now lord it over the Northern Balkans is not the fact of his having been on the losing side?

**James Cox's Museum**

RE-READING Fanny Burney's *Evelina*—for once I see eye to eye with Dr. Johnson in love of that entrancing novel—I was charmed by the description of the visit to Mr. Cox's museum. James Cox was one of the most wonderful English clock and watch-makers of the late eighteenth century; and even in those less passionately interested in horology than I, his career and his creations can hardly fail to excite wonder. He excelled in the manufacture of the most complicated and ravishing mechanisms—mechanical birdcages where enamelled linnets trilled out cadences derived from small pipe organs and then flew from one perch to another; jewelled pineapples that opened to reveal clusters of other trilling birds; minute watches hidden among enamelled petals; automata capable of playing whole concerts, and ending with the National Anthem.

What turned Cox to the production of these lovely, complicated toys I do not know. In 1773 he exhibited them at his museum in Spring Gardens; and the place seems to have become a resort of fashion for a time. But if poor Cox thought to sell many of his creations here, he was to be disappointed. The Royal





# PRINT

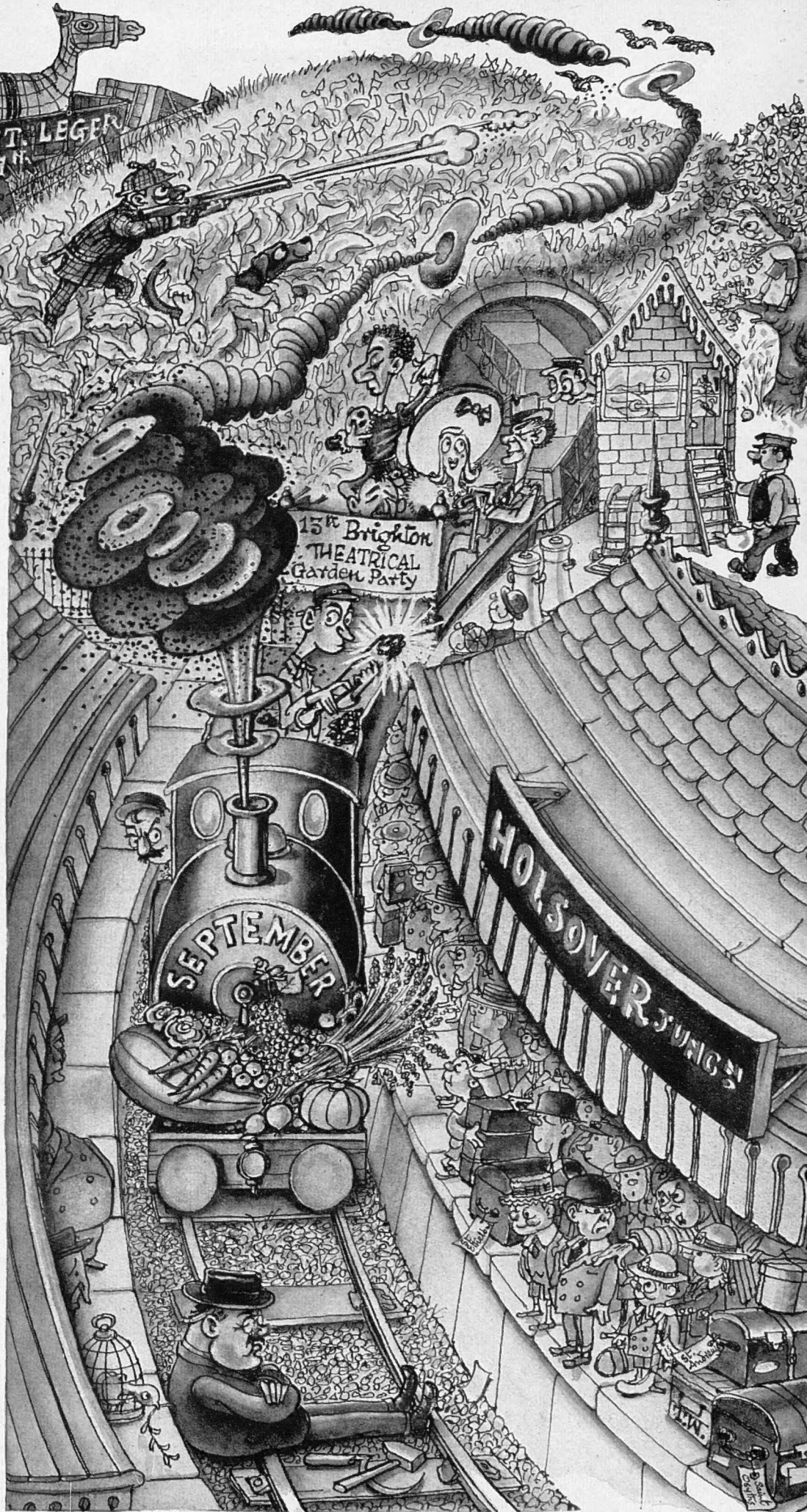
Family bought a few, and indeed some very fine examples of his work are still in the Royal collections. For the rest, he was compelled to open a shop in Canton, and thirteen years ago we were able to identify in the Palace Museum of the Forbidden City in Peking many of the principal glories from the Spring Gardens collection. (Fine examples of the clockmaker's art were of course almost the only product of the West which we could induce the Chinese of those days to buy, to set against our vast purchases of tea, silk and porcelain from the Middle Kingdom.)

## End of a Collection

Peking in my day was full of Cox's work. I once owned an agate-and-gold opium lamp made in London for the Emperor Ch'ien Lung and fitted with a small watch of the greatest delicacy by Cox. The rest of his collection was sold either to Russia, or to Charles IV of Spain, so passionate a collector of watches that their safety was his principal preoccupation when he was forced to fly before Napoleon from his kingdom. Cox and his Swiss partner, Jaquet-Droz, a genius even greater than he, did an important business with Spain. Jaquet-Droz specialized in pocket watches and automata. Once Jaquet-Droz is reputed to have been arrested as a magician, and only freed from the attentions of the Inquisition by the intervention of the British Embassy in Madrid.

It is curious how a taste for clockwork seems to have run always in Royal families. The first Yuan Emperor of China doted on an elaborate clock with fountains constructed for him by a French ironsmith, Guillaume Boucher. The winter palace at Petersburg was crammed with clocks and automata, including a gentleman in the height of fashion who advanced across the room towards you with outstretched hand. Louis XVI was, of course, a clockmaker, and his cousin, the duc de Penthièvre, had his coat buttons made of small watches, all timed to within a few seconds of each other.

Now the glory of clockmaking is gone. Tompion, Quare, Breguet might as well never have lived. In the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (Eleventh Edition) there is no mention of James Cox, while nearly a whole page is consecrated to David Cox (1783-1859), that graceful but (let's face it) slightly tedious Victorian landscapist whose endless views of Welsh granite crags did so much to darken my childhood.



Train of thought for September by WYSARD





Marie Bashkirtseff, whose frank autobiography, published in 1887, was one of the sensations of the decade



"The utterly purposed chit"—a self-portrait in the Musée des Beaux Arts, Nice



"Well, she was not a bad painter." This study of Paris urchins, "The Meeting," is one of her works



James Agas

AT THE

Marie but not

WHAT do I remember about Marie Bashkirtseff? I was ten years old when the Diary was first published, but I was alive to the extraordinary stir it made. Mr. Gladstone gave tongue about it. And I wasn't allowed to read it. I remember somebody writing about her: "The world into which this Russian child was born was a world in which wasp-waisted women must either sit bolt upright or recline at full length. It was into this hingeless world, this museum, that this astonishing little combustion engine was born. She was bored by her family and put down the fact in her Diary. She admired the size of her own hips and put that down also. She came to Paris and fell violently and hopelessly in love with the Duke of Hamilton, of whose mistress she publicly proclaimed her envy. With the politician, Cassagnac. With an Italian count. With a French steeplechase-rider whose neck she wished broken rather than that he should marry any other woman." Yes, I have always collected scraps of information about Marie.

SHE was a nymphomaniac *de tête*, if there is such an expression. Unless I'm greatly mistaken her love affairs were all in her head. What interests me most about her is her colossal egotism, greater than mine and Napoleon's put together. If God would give her fame as a painter she would "go to Jerusalem and do a tenth of the journey on foot." Well, she was not a bad painter. But she realized that she was not going to live long enough or be good enough to win immortality by painting. What else had she? Only the Diary, begun at the age of twelve. And then she started that campaign which makes me boggle. Boggle because of the extraordinary mixture of splendid audacity and unbelievable tactlessness. She wrote to Dumas fils a letter beginning: "Monsieur, I am told that like all divinity which respects itself you are surrounded with a cloud that makes you indifferent to the inhabitants of earth." The idea at the back of Marie's mind was to get some celebrity to publish, edit, patronize, or lend his name to her Diary. She asked the playwright to meet her, and receiving a reply from the great man saying that novel-reading had gone to her head and advising her to go to bed early, sent him back a snorter: "Sleep well yourself, Monsieur, and continue to be as bourgeois in small matters as you are an artist in great."

NEXT she tackled Edmond de Goncourt who had used her as model for his novel, *Chérie*, which has been on my bookshelf for forty-five years. This begins with a dinner party given by Chérie, aged nine, to her little friends some six and seven years old. These babies drank champagne. To return to Marie and her letter to Goncourt. This begins: "Monsieur, like everyone else I have read

*Chérie* and, between ourselves, it is full of platitudes." Naturally Goncourt didn't answer. She wrote to Zola, and ended her letter: "I don't suppose you will answer this: I'm told that in actual life you are a complete bourgeois." No answer from Zola. But her most formidable attack was made on Maupassant, with whom she exchanged half a dozen unavailing letters. Maupassant wittily but firmly declined to meet her.

THE concernancy? Just that at the Carlton Cinema in Tottenham Court Road there is to be seen a film entitled *Marie Bashkirtseff*, and described as "freely adapted from passages in the Journal." Half the picture is about Marie having her money stolen by a gang of thieves and learning to roller-skate. The other half shows her and Maupassant in the throes of mutual passion, meeting surreptitiously in crowded salons and by moonlight. Now, learning that her time is short, and wishing to spare the playwright pain, she tells him that she has never loved him and has merely used him as part of her scheme for winning the Academy's gold medal. Whereupon Maupassant goes and gets the gold medal, and presents it to her on her deathbed. And Marie, opening her eyes for the last time, says, "Glory and Fame are nothing so



"No, Madam, we don't show the 'March of Time,' but there's a mirror in the ladies' cloakroom"



# Wedding of King Feisal of Iraq's Equerry

## PICTURES

### Bashkirtseff

long as I have you!" All of which makes a very pretty picture. But why call it *Marie Bashkirtseff*?

DIDN'T the makers realize that the real woman and her real life are a thousand times more interesting than this tepid twaddle? "The interior of the Russian church in the Rue Daru was illuminated as if to receive a monarch, and along the streets there slowly drew towards it a funeral procession. Bright autumn sunshine fell on the massed-up wreaths, on the six white horses, on their housings of silver. On the white velvet that covered the coffin itself had been laid one green palm leaf. All his emphasis of a young death, the white horses, their silver trappings, the palm leaf, the folds of white velvet, would have responded exactly to what Marie, with her romantic self-dealization, would have considered appropriate. In all probability she had herself arranged these details. . . ." Thus Dormer Cruik in her book, *Fountains of Youth*. When will the makers of films realize that the truth about historical figures—and M. B. is an historical figure—is more exciting than any romantic fiction? How much better a film of this utterly purposed chit, gloomily, savagely bent on getting immortality, throwing herself in her short twenty-four years at the head of everybody likely to help her, universally snubbed, and getting what she wanted in the end.

*London Town* (Leicester Square). This is an extravaganza put together to hold the best five bits out of Sid Field's performance in *Strike it Again*—the Cockney, the Musician, the Photographer, the Golfer and the Man About Town. Field is in the great tradition. He cannot put hand, foot, eyebrow or tongue-tip wrong. He is immensely and unendingly funny. Since he never lets up for a moment he never lets the audience down. But he must get some new material. The old stuff is beginning to wear a little thin, and Sid has thirty years before him. There is some skilful acting by Sonnie Hale and Claude Hulbert. Of the rest of the show it would be kind to say nothing. "We do not mention our English *ingénues*," wrote Max many years ago, "it would be brutal." I shall not be brutal enough to say what I think about this film's young women. Lovely to look at but an affliction when they open their mouths and start tew-yewing. Or perhaps the fault lies with the wretched stuff they have to sing. There is an unending ditty called "The 'Ampstead Way," which tries to repeat "The Lambeth Walk" effect without having the tune to do it with. And there is a ballet of daffodils which makes me wish that flower had never been invented. It went on so long that I had time to re-write Wordsworth's poem so that it ended:

And then my heart with boredom sinks,  
And I drop off for forty winks.



King Feisal of Iraq congratulates the bride and bridegroom on the occasion of the wedding of his Equerry and tutor, Mr. Julian Pitt-Rivers, to Miss Pauline Tennant. On the left is the bridegroom's mother the Hon. Mrs. E. R. Pitt-Rivers who is a daughter of the late Lord Forster



The Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce who were married this year. Mr. Bruce is Lord Aberdare's elder son



Miss K. Stanley and Lady Margaret Fortescue, Earl Fortescue's elder daughter



Lady Meyer, wife of Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., and Captain A. Price-Jones



Major Pitt-Rivers, brother of the bridegroom, who was best man, and Mrs. Leslie Mackay



Mr. Leslie Mackay and Miss Pamela Rhodes



# The Theatre

The Tatler's theatre critic, Anthony Cookman, is on holiday, so his partner Tom Titt (theatre cartoonist for over thirty years) writes about "The plays I'd like to see again, and the actors I'd like to see in them."

MEMORY takes me back to 1910 or thereabouts when I drew Pellissier's Follies and Cyril Maude in *Grumpy* on either side of a piece of paper. The framed original of the Follies cartoon hung for years outside the Apollo Theatre, and Pellissier, acknowledging my tribute paid to his genius of burlesque, expressed his regret that Cyril Maude had to be folded and hidden at the back. *Grumpy* was my first attempt at caricature, and Cyril was also the subject of another cartoon when he appeared as a Wicked Earl in the Wild West, in March, 1927. I hope to renew my pencil's acquaintance with him again shortly as I hear he is appearing in a new show.

I would like to see him as Noah, in the play of that name, a remarkable piece of work that made a deep impression on me. Another youthful veteran I would like to see, playing the part of the K.C. in *The Winslow Boy*, is Allan Aynesworth. Of no other actor can I think who would play it so impressively and pontifically.

## More Burlesque Wanted

REVERTING for a moment to the Follies and burlesque, why does not somebody start a series of "Potted Plays," with a comic angle? It would increase public interest in the stage generally, and add much to the gaiety of the town. I remember vividly some people actually weeping, while others roared with laughter, at the antics of impersonators of Sir Beerbohm Tree in his most tragic utterances. I still laugh when I think of Sydney Lewis. This in spite of the fact that as a rule I can appreciate very little of the fun that is poked at the stately Victorians and artistic Edwardians.

The ugliest modern period, begging for such a cruel satirist as a Hogarth or a Cruikshank, is that dreadful post-war decade of the 'twenties. But although it remains in my mind as a period of abysmal absurdities and ridiculously dressed Brave Young Things, the actors who stand out never to be forgotten are to me memories of that same period, the immortal Irish Players in the first Sean O'Casey plays in 1924.

## Priestley A Favourite

IN this period between the wars there were many theatrical experiments—moving, whimsical or fantastic—but I draw the line at one kind, the impressionistic exemplified by Pirandello. What Picasso stands for in art to some, what Gertrude Stein means to them in literature, so in drama is Pirandello. To me such plays are quite incomprehensible, whereas Priestley's phantasmagorias, with their metaphysics and symbolism, are the source of the keenest pleasure—largely because, in spite of his excursions into the mysteries of time and space, he retains a warm and deeply understanding humanity. *Time and the Conways*, *I Have Been Here Before*, *People at Sea*, I would like to see them all again, without exception.

Other plays I would like to see again include *White Justice* with the title changed to *Wife Murderer*, which would be an enormous success, particularly with stock companies in the provinces, with Henry Oscar as the guilty man. I could sit a whole week listening to *The Apple Cart*, and also *The Brothers Karamazov*, which I saw four times, chiefly to see and listen to Frederick Valk and hear the sweet, moving

voice of Ernest Milton. Such a play, broadcast on a Sunday would equal the best of sermons.

Other productions I have never forgotten are *The Vagabond King*, *Awake and Sing* at the Arts in 1942, and Bud Flanagan singing in almost any show. What a Pagliacci he would make!

All these years of theatregoing have not dulled my enthusiasm in the least. I always look forward to a new show, applaud it vigorously, and share to the full the expectancy and tension of a first night, wondering what the reception will be like. I find that if a play is too moving or thrilling it is bad for drawing, and I obtain better results from duller plays. Best of all are dress rehearsals, when I sit alone, neither disturbing my neighbours nor being disturbed by them, when the audience is only the producer, his secretary, a handful of people interested, and the theatre cat.

I must confess that plays like *Ædipus Rex* and those of Ibsen and Strindberg I sit through fidgeting and earnestly hoping for the final curtain, and I abhor Grand Guignol and anything with a sadistic, masochist, schizophrenic or paranoiac element in it. Self-analysis, introspection, frustration and all that Stygian brood were unknown to Edwardian dramatists and in my opinion they wrote better plays in consequence. That is why I liked the original Irish Players—they gave you the tragedy and drama "straight," as it has been known and successful for centuries, and they were just as profound as the much vaunted modern obscurantists.

## Ballet—a Picture Gallery

BALLET is, to me, pretty to look at but not to be endured for more than twenty minutes. After all, nobody sits in a picture gallery for three hours, which was the length of *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Memorable nights of the past, not to be forgotten, include the romantic voice of Robert Lorraine in *Mary Rose* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*, while at a more recent date another voice that thrilled me was that of A. E. Matthews in that fascinating play *Beggar on Horseback*, a part which would also have suited admirably Robert Morley or Raymond Lovell.

Only once I heard Sarah Bernhardt, at the Coliseum in *Les Cathédrales*. For forty solid minutes without a stop an avalanche of French came from the stage, of which I am certain that neither I, nor anybody else in the huge audience except the French Ambassador, could understand a word. At last it ended, the curtain came down, and there was a thunder of applause—at the relief as much as anything.

This reminds me that the curtain, dropped at the right psychological moment, is the thing that makes the play—that redeems a bad one and makes a good one twice as good. In an otherwise not great play, an effective exit will bring the house down. If every aspiring dramatist bore that in mind we should see longer runs, and fewer good plays would be spoilt by rambling on into irrelevancies which merely make the audience yawn.

## "Hence, Loathed Melancholy"

ABOVE all, a theatrical cartoonist loves a well-mounted play. Brilliant, spectacular productions are what an artist craves, as much as he abhors a barren stage, without any

imaginative décor, all set for darkness, gloom and tedium, with the eyes straining to discern the actors' faces, difficult to watch and intolerable to sketch.

I should like to make a plea for better incidental music. There are too many perfunctory orchestras of the "tum-te-tum" kind. Better by far to have a really good quartet or similar combination playing soothing music between the scenes and in the intervals. And surely a world devoted to technical progress can spare a moment to invent a non-rustling paper or plastic for programmes?

Finally, a complaint, though in its way a complimentary one. When I am absorbed by a great play and fine acting, I do not like my attention being distracted by too many and too long intervals. Cannot we have more revolving stages?

TOM TITT

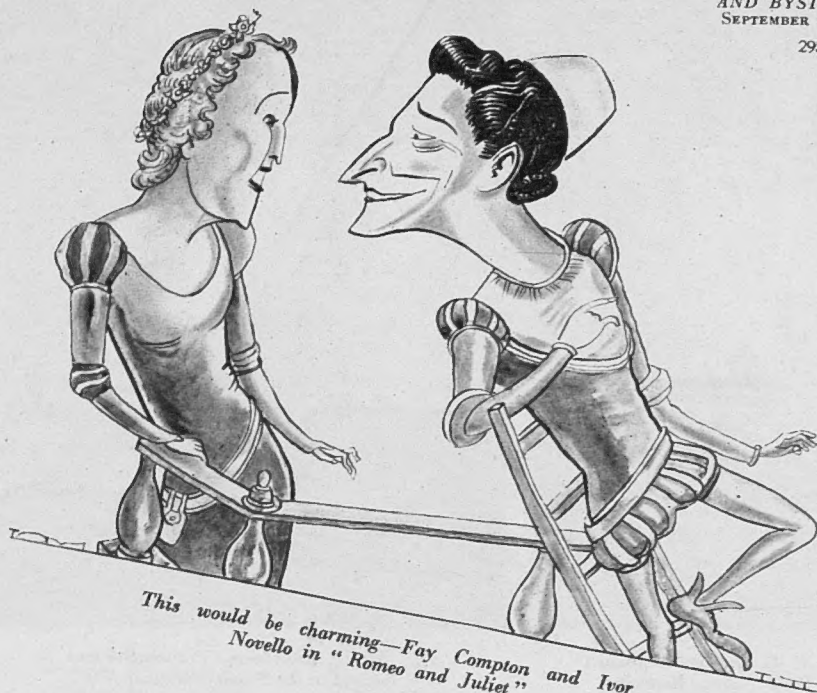


My notion of Sid Field as a suave Shylock

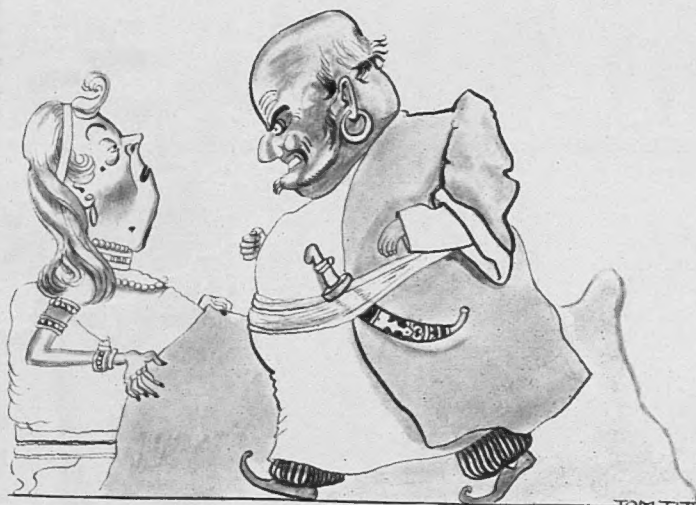




... and Nat Jackley as Malvolio



This would be charming—Fay Compton and Ivor Novello in "Romeo and Juliet"



I'd like to see "Othello," with Margaret Rutherford and Frederick Lloyd



A Tom Titt idea: Cyril Maude as Noah discussing the Dignity of Man with Allan Aynesworth as the K.C. in "The Winslow Boy"



Tailpiece: Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare in "Hamlet"





Air Commodore J. C. Quinnell's Jade, which won the West Solent Restricted class



Mr. P. Runciman's Naushabah was second in the Solent Handicap "Q" class



Lieut.-Col. Cecil Bull's Duet, which gained third place in the "Q"-class event



Airborne lifeboats and Service whalers getting under way in their race



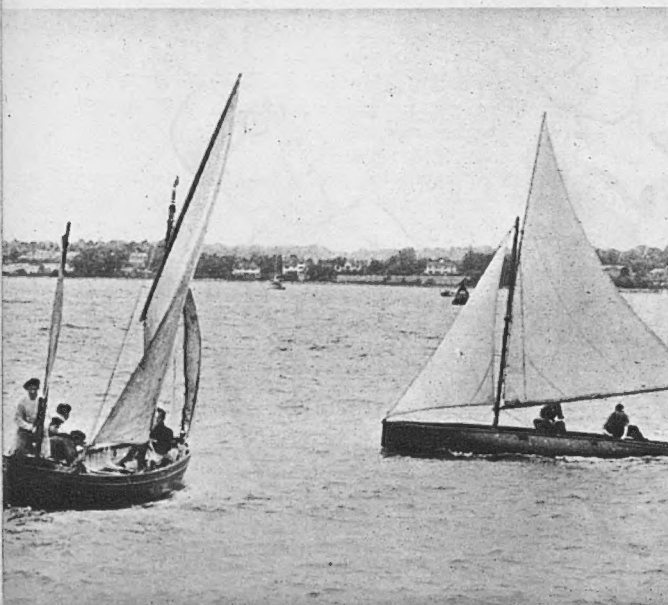
F/O. Budden was in charge of the guns, and G/Capt. Robertson of signals



Air Cdre. Quinnell, C.B., D.F.C. (Vice-Commodore), and F/O. Ian Proctor (Hon. Sec.)



W/Cdr. and Mrs. Cooke were among those who watched the racing



Service whalers, rugged rather than speedy craft, await the starting gun



Mrs. Warren, Peter Carey, Mrs. Carey, G/Capt. and Mrs. Bryer and S/Ldr. Caswell





*Bubby (Mr. H. R. Watt), of the Solent Sunbeam class, and Lieut.-Col. Bull's Duet*



*Winner of the "Q" class, Mr. H. M. Mann's Lintie, setting the pace in a stiff breeze*



*Mr. N. Moore's Fiona, an entry in the International 6-metre race*

# THE R.A.F. YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT CALSHOT

Organised for the Solent Classes, the R.A.F. Regatta Provided Some Exciting Racing on a Dull Day



*Peregrine (Mr. C. Taylor) laces the water with her wake, in the race for the Dragon class, as she passes to leeward of two "Q"-class yachts*



**AT BALMORAL,** the King is spending most of his time, as he so much enjoys doing in Scotland, out on the moors grouse shooting with one or two of his personal friends who are guests at the Castle, and several of his Deeside neighbours. Though His Majesty is still not quite so exceptional a shot as was his father, he is, according to experts who have shot with him in recent times, a really excellent performer in the butts, quick, sure and accurate.

He shoots nowadays mostly in the conventional way, from the right shoulder, though he is possessed of the rather rare ability to shoot from either left or right, and indeed, as a younger man, had a preference for shooting from the left: as older followers of the game will remember, he played tennis left-handed to such effect that he reached the closing stages of the Wimbledon Men's Doubles one year, when his partner was that close friend of the Royal Family, G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, equally well known in the clubs of St. James's, among City men in the "House," and in what are sometimes known as "air circles."

To-day the King no longer plays tennis, finding that his multifarious official and State duties do not permit him time to devote to the game. His only outdoor relaxations in the South are a quiet game of bowls at Windsor, where during the war a green was laid out for use by

His Majesty and the Queen, who still enjoys playing against—and sometimes beating—her husband, and pheasant shooting at Windsor and Sandringham.

The Queen, faithful to her long-established custom, does not join the guns in the North, except for an occasional picnic lunch in the interval of the day's shoot, but Princess Elizabeth thoroughly enjoys a day's sport with her father, though her preference is for the more exhausting sport of deer-stalking. This year she has set her mind on fulfilling a three-year-old ambition—namely, to shoot a "Royal": so far her best stag was a ten-pointer which she brought down after a particularly long stalk last year. The King, incidentally, methodical in this as in all else, keeps the game-books at Balmoral himself, entering up the "bag" at the end of each day's shoot with painstaking

care—an example which many sportsmen with far fewer calls on their time fail to follow.

#### FISHING

ON the Dee, as on so many other rivers this year, the salmon have been disappointing, a phenomenon which some water-wise fishermen attribute to a mysterious change in the Gulf Stream, though there is, apparently, no direct scientific evidence to support this view. Whatever the cause, it is certainly true that far fewer fish are running than in former years, which makes the thrill of landing a real "big'un" all the greater.

Of the Royal house-party, perhaps the keenest on this form of sport is that quiet-mannered young man, Lt.-Cdr. Peter Ashmore, son of Rear-Admiral Leslie Ashmore, D.S.O., of Godden Green, Kent, who commanded the Kent and the Valiant in the last war. Cdr. Ashmore, who was appointed Equerry to the King this year, is one of the fortunate few chosen to accompany the Royal party to South Africa next February. He is a fisherman of some experience, delighting in the new opportunities afforded on the Royal river.

Another keen fisherman in the Royal Household is Capt. (S) Lewis Ritchie, still better known by his pen-name of "Bartimeus," who is spending his vacation in his native Wales. He is one of the country's great experts with the dry fly, and was President of the Flyfishers' Club last year. He, too, I hear, is to go with the party to South Africa.

#### FETES AND FLOWER SHOWS

UP North there have been some very successful fêtes and flower shows. One of these was held in the grounds of Kames Castle, the Earl of Dumfries' magnificent home on the Isle of Bute. The Duke of Montrose, who also owns an island home, Brodick Castle, on the Isle of Arran, came over to open the fête at Kames and made an excellent speech, reminding everyone of the splendid cause in which the fête was organised, the Bute Sea Cadets.

At the Kingsbarns flower show there was a wonderful display of flowers and plants from the neighbouring gardens, which are at their best at this time of the year. The show was opened by Sir David Erskine who, now he has returned from war service, hopes to take an even greater interest in his garden at Cambo House, his home in Fife. Among the prizewinners here were Mrs. D. G. Bisset, Mr. Anderson of Astruther, Mrs. Rodger and Mrs. Mayes. I was very impressed with a magnificent exhibit of cut flowers and pot plants shown by Lady Stewart Sandeman, and grown in her lovely gardens at Boarhills, St. Andrews.

The beautiful gardens of Brechin Castle, the Angus home of the Earl of Dalhousie, were open to the public when a fête was held there recently in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. The Earl of Dalhousie, who takes a great interest in farming and farms a big acreage himself, was at the fête, and so was his mother, the Countess of Dalhousie.

#### TRAVELLERS

AMONG travellers I have heard of since I last wrote are Major and Mrs. Richard Sharples, who have recently returned from the South of France, where they went for their honeymoon. Their wedding at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in July, was attended by Queen Mary. Since their return the Sharples have moved into a charming little house off Belgrave Square.

Others who have been enjoying the sun at Cannes are Col. Philip Astley and Col. Humphrey Butler, who went down quite early in the season. Mrs. Butler motored down to join her husband later with Mr. and Mrs. "Pop" Fane, who, I hear, have taken a house in Hampshire. Mrs. Fane, who is petite and attractive, had

*Jennifer* writes **HER**



Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart, aged five, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dumfries, playing with some pet mice at a recent fête at Kames Castle, Isle of Bute. The fête, which was in aid of the local sea cadets, was opened by the Duke of Montrose



# SOCIAL JOURNAL

just returned from a trip to America to visit her mother, whom she had not seen since before the war. Another visitor to Cannes was Lord Queenborough's youngest daughter, the Hon. Cecili Paget, who came over from America in June to stay with her father and later went down to the South of France to visit her aunt, Miss Amy Paget, who, although in her eighties when the war started, remained at her home in the South of France right through the difficult days of the occupation.

Other young girls who have gone abroad this summer, some of them for the first time in their lives, are Miss Betsann Tothill, a cousin of the Hon. Cecili Paget and often to be seen at parties with her this season, who is visiting friends in Spain; Lord Delamere's elder daughter the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, who, I hear, has been having a wonderful summer holiday in Portugal, where she thoroughly enjoyed herself; and pretty Miss Elizabeth Batten, of whom the last I heard was that she was off to join her mother and stepfather in Italy.

## AIRBORNE

WHEN I met Sir Hector McNeil, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the other day he was just off on a flying visit to Brest with Lord Inverclyde, chairman of the Scottish-French Coordinating Committee, and a party including other members of the committee, to make a goodwill visit at the invitation of the Mayor in Brest. These visits do a lot of good in strengthening the bonds of friendship and understanding between the peoples of France and Scotland.

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, wife of Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent's son and heir, has recently returned from a holiday in Paris which she told me she thoroughly enjoyed. Other visitors to that city are Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, and Lady Zia Wernher with her younger daughter Myra, who recently announced her engagement to Major Butter and is being married early in the autumn. The Wernhers' elder daughter, Mrs. Harold Phillips, told me when I met her recently that she and her husband are planning to leave England about the middle of October to spend a few of the winter months in South America with friends and relations. Their only regret is that they will have to leave their baby daughter Sandra behind, in spite of the fact that she is already an experienced traveller. Having been born in America, she crossed the Atlantic with her parents when she was only three months old.

Another family who have just flown across the Atlantic are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Berington, with their Etonian son Timmy. They have left their lovely home, Whitmead, in Surrey (which will be remembered with gratitude by many Canadian pilots who received such kindness from their host and hostess when they convalesced there during the war) to spend the summer vacation in California with Mrs. Berington's family, the first time they have all been united since before the war.

## MOCK HUNT

I SAW a fine display of good horsemanship by about fifty children gathered together at the very novel "Mock Hunt" organised by members of the Perth Pony Club the other day (of which there are photographs on p. 309). The meet was at Seggieden, near Perth, the home of Mr. Jimmy and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, who have done so much to encourage the Pony Club in this district. Their own children ride well and were leading members of the Pony Club in Wiltshire during the war, before they came north to make Seggieden their home.

The object of the day's sport was to familiarise the "young entry" with the rules of the hunting-field. Earl Cadogan, a former M.F.H., acted as Master of this hunt, and at the meet gave the

children a splendid talk on correct behaviour and etiquette in the hunting-field. He followed this with a tuneful demonstration on the hunting horn, explaining carefully the different notes from "drawn blank" to the more cheerful sound of "found" or "gone away," the last surely the best music and greatest thrill to any keen hunting enthusiast!

For this Mock Hunt, fox and hounds were mounted, as well as hunt servants and the field! The "fox," who wore a real brush, was Ursula Lewis, who went exceedingly well. The "hounds" were dressed in white and all were riding white ponies. They included Michael and Mary Corse-Scott, Pamela Scott-Peirce, Norma Horsburgh, who had won the under-twelve-years children's jumping at the Luncarty Horse Show the previous week; Diana Douglas-Hamilton, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Lord and

Lady George Douglas-Hamilton; and Sheelagh Fordyce. The whippers-in were Miss Jackie Laird and Miss Jane Drummond-Hay. The hunt started from Seggieden, and after a five-mile point ended up at Balthayock, where they received a great welcome and a delicious tea from that charming and hospitable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burrell.

## PUPPY SHOW

A CONTRAST to this Mock Hunt were the real hounds on view at the Dumfriesshire Foxhound Show at Glenholm, Lockerbie. There was a splendid young entry for this sporting pack, which Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine has been the Master of since 1921. Major Maurice Kingscote, the Master of the Meynell, came north to judge the hounds with Major Dick Jaffrey, who had the Zetland Hounds for some years until he went overseas during the war to take up an appointment in the Colonies. He and his wife are now back at their nice home, Snow Hall, Gainford. Lady Buchanan-Jardine gave away the prizes to the successful puppy-walkers, who included Mr. C. Hyslop, who won the class for the best doghound with Saunter, and Mr. Laurie of Carterton, who won the class for the best bitch with Watchfull; while the class for the best couple was won by Mr. James Hodge, of Slodahill, with his nice couple, Salesman and Sandal.



Benson, Glasgow

Lord Cardiff, who was also at the Kames Castle fête, is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Dumfries. He is seen holding a Soay ram from St. Kilda, which was one of the exhibits. Lord Cardiff and his sister are grandchildren of the Earl of Bute



# "THE TATLER" GOES TO FRINTON-ON-SEA

And Takes Some Pictures of Family Parties Enjoying the Bracing Air of the Essex Coast



*The Tide's out and it's time for shrimping: Jane Bundy and her cousin Andy Streeter get some advice from non-shrimpers Sarah Bundy and John Streeter, poised perilously on a breakwater*





**Family Party:** The Earl of Cottenham with three of his daughters, Lady Gillian, Lady Davinia and Lady Marye Pepys



**What Happened When?** Mrs. Deghye (right) tells Mr. Guy Deghye (left), Mrs. H. Stancombe and Bill and Dick Stancombe



**The strong man** is five-year-old Robin Dodsworth, son of John Dodsworth, of the B.B.C. drama department. His father looks on while Robin struggles manfully with the rubber dinghy



**"I'm the King of the Castle":** At work on the wet sand are Justin, Janet, Joanna, Jacqueline and Jennifer Banbury



**It's a Delicate Job** mixing sand-pies, as Caroline Berry, daughter of Lady Helen Berry, demonstrates to Marilyn Sinclair



# PRISCILLA (of Paris) ON THE PLAGE

MANY bridges have toppled into the waters since I last made my way to Deauville, and it was with a heavy heart that I set Miss Chrysler's tarnished Mercury mascot in the direction of that famous *plage des fleurs*. But when one dreads anything badly the reality often turns out to be less painful than one has feared, and one can say, with Samuel Butler, "We have long found life to be an affair of being rather frightened than hurt."

The spring of '44 made me as familiar with the roads and by-roads of Normandy as I am with the streets of my Left Bank—I think I could drive blindfold from Paris to ruined Lisieux and yet know where to ease up for the bad spots, but I clean forgot the *cassis* at Pont l'Évêque, where so many back-axes have met their Waterloo, and, for a moment, my heart stood still. The car, however, sailed on, which was all that mattered. Angry drivers, in the old days, used to pretend that the Pont l'Évêque-ians placed that gutter in exactly the right spot for the cheese manufacturers to reap a harvest while repairs were being made, but angry drivers can easily be libellous. On the other hand, Jenny Dolly often told me that she used to bless it, since the slowing-down of the car always woke her in time to make use of her vanity-case prior to her arrival at the Casino. Those were the days—or rather, evenings—when the famous sisters were playing at the Alcazar, and they used to hop into their car as soon as the show was over and spend the rest of the night gambling at Deauville.

I FELT a little diffident at backing my dear old bus in between a sumptuous Rolls and a no-less-gorgeous Packard outside the Normandy, but later I found quite a few more old 'uns that have survived these cataclysmic years, and I am not sure whether they are not better owned than some of the new ones that are due to that "execrable sum of villainies," the B.M. Be it immediately added that there are not many signs of this evil at Deauville, where one

sees almost as many pre-war evening frocks that have been "made-over" as the pricelessly exquisite creations of to-day's Rue de la Paix. There are lovely frocks, but not much jewellery. Those heavy, scintillating bracelets—so discourteously known, in some cases, as "Service stripes"—that used to glitter from elbow to wrist on many lovely arms, have completely vanished. I like to think that they may have been turned into ambulances or prisoners' parcels.

In the gardens of the Casino I dropped a rose (and a tear) in front of the bronze bust of Cornuché. It was hidden from the Occupants throughout the war, and only this year has been replaced on the old spot. The tear also fell to the memory of many golden boys and girls. That most of them were grey-haired or very bald makes them no less golden, and I am not thinking of their pocket-books. André Citroën, to whom I owe my first owner-driver joys; Sem, whose witty caricatures have not been replaced by those of Sennep, even though the latter is so clever; Jean Patou, whose name and fame still live; Cornuché, who was as kind out of business hours as he was hard in them; and Berry Wall, with his double chin snuggled so cosily into his Victorian collar, his cheery smile and that naughty little twinkle in his eye.

I HAD a letter from Harry Stone, who, having passed fifteen years of "living in Paris during the golden age," writes me from the States: "I sometimes envy Gilbert White and Berry Wall. They died with only pleasant memories of their Paris in all her glory, while I have lived to see her plunged deeply into misery and sorrow. Do you remember the last news-photo of Berry Wall sitting alone in front of a café in Deauville when everyone had fled? At the time it appeared it struck me as being tragic, and to-day the memory of that photo appears as a symbol."

There are still survivors of those dear, dull

days of yore, "dull" being a concession to the youngsters, for I think, *and know*, that they were anything but dull. Two of the most famous are our bearded *batifoleurs* (they have their serious moments too), Tristan Bernard and Van Dongen, the latter with a quite young son, the former with a whole regiment of grand- and great-grandchildren. There are Geo London, star crime reporter (full of "wise saws and modern instances"); Henri Letellier, tanned to the colour of a russet apple and possibly of the same texture (I did not ask to touch), and his good lady with her wind-blown "bob," both so delightfully 1928; and Reynaldo Hahn, who is the same as ever, except that he has changed his style of coiffure (there is less of it, and it suits him so much better). There are also Louis Breguet, the Comte de Beauregard, the Comte de Chambure—I missed the party from the British Embassy—and, of course, André de Fouquières, who "led *cotillons*" in the Naughty 'Nineties and would lead them still . . . if there were any.

THE theatre world was represented by Mary Bell, Madeleine Renaud and her husband, Jean-Louis Barrault, who, alas, have all left the Comédie-Française, and Aimé Clariond, who, with Jacqueline Delubac, has been playing a charming comedy by Michel Delud, *Tous les Deux*. It consists of two personages and four acts. Rather a strain, but Clariond is one of the finest of actors and Jacqueline is easy to look at. Claude Dauphin and his lovely wife, Rosine Deréan, have been appearing in some sketches by Jean Nohain. Claude was in Normandy two years ago also, but then his car was a tank and Rosine was at Ravensbruck, where the Boche sent her after Claude made his get-away to England. A ghost from the past I almost forgot is Harry Pilcer. He looks as young as ever: who could believe that he danced with Gaby Deslys in the early days after the Other War? And there were two clever little sisters who danced at the Ambassadeurs . . . but why,



Lady Latham, who is convalescing at Montreux after a serious illness. She is the wife of Lord Latham, leader of the L.C.C.



Lady Enid Browne, a sister of the Earl of Chesterfield, and her son Angus are on a golfing holiday at Crans-sur-Sierre



The Duke of Pistoia and the Duke of Bergamo, cousins of the ex-King of Italy, who are staying in Lugano and Gstaad



## Voilà!

● Yves Montand, the new star of the French variety stage, was singing at Deauville recently. He put up at a little *auberge* a few miles inland where the food is renowned for its excellence. A local train runs to the coast. On the first evening mine host told him he need not hurry over his dinner as the train always started three-quarters of an hour late. This optimism brought him to the station in time to see the red tail-light vanishing in the distance. "Never mind," said the station-master. "The engine-driver is terribly absent-minded; he often forgets something—yes, here's his bicycle! He always takes it in the van in case the train breaks down. He's sure to come back for it!" He did, and Yves got to Deauville in time.

oh, why, do they elect to call themselves "the Doll Sisters"?

At the newly-restored racecourse of la Touques I saw the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, Baron E. de Rothschild and M. Wildenstein—who were almost weeping with joy to find themselves again on their native heath—I saw some of the horses from Bois-Roussel and I thought of the grim but sunny day in July '44 when I passed there with the ambulance and found the château rased to the ground. The owners of the *haras*, Comte and Comtesse de Rochefort, had taken refuge in the training quarters, where they generously gave us a splendid lunch while bombs dropped from the blue . . . but what cared we for bombs when *fruits des bois* and Normandy cream were on the table? Indeed, though I dare hardly say it, these were the days!



The new armchair ski-lift at Gstaad is very popular with villagers and visitors alike. The gentleman with the brass looks quite happy!

## Enjoying Switzerland



H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda and H.H. Maharani Seeta Devi of Baroda, who stayed with their suite at Gstaad



Another visitor to Gstaad is ex-Queen Amelie of Portugal, here seen leaving her hotel for a walk



Lady Sassoon, mother of the present baronet, surveys the Bernese Oberland from her balcony at Gstaad





*A self-portrait taken in the porch, where he often sits in the sun working out compositions*

## ERIC COATES AS A PHOTOGRAPHER



*Crazy paving and a beautiful bush of hydrangeas in front of a shady corner of the cottage*

Pictures Taken by One of Britain's Most Popular Composers at His Charming Cottage Overlooking the English Channel

**T**HOUGH widely celebrated as a composer, Eric Coates is less well known as a skilful amateur photographer, but these pictures, taken by himself at his cottage in Sussex overlooking the sea, reveal him as an artist in this medium, too.

Eric Coates's music has found its way into every British home and appeals to highbrow and low-brow alike. Two of his most outstanding signature-tunes used by the B.B.C. are his "Knightsbridge" March ("In Town To-night") and "Calling All Workers" March, which introduced the "Music While You Work" programmes and which became the most-played melody of the war years.

He has been invited to go to Washington in October to represent British light music at the Congress of the International Confederation of Authors and Composers, and while in the U.S.A. he will conduct concerts of his own music for the principal broadcasting networks. In 1940 he had the unusual experience, for an Englishman, of being the composer of a melody, "Sleepy Lagoon," which became a smash-hit on the other side of the Atlantic, and afterwards became a best-seller in England and the Dominions.

Mrs. Coates, who is accompanying her husband to Washington, is closely associated with his work and has written stories which have inspired some of his compositions. They are hoping that their son, F/Lt. Austin Coates, whom they have not seen for two-and-a-half years, will return from the Far East before they leave for the U.S.A.







*A quiet lane, a thatched roof and a wattle fence are among the features of the cottage, which, with its view over the Channel, is an ideal country retreat*

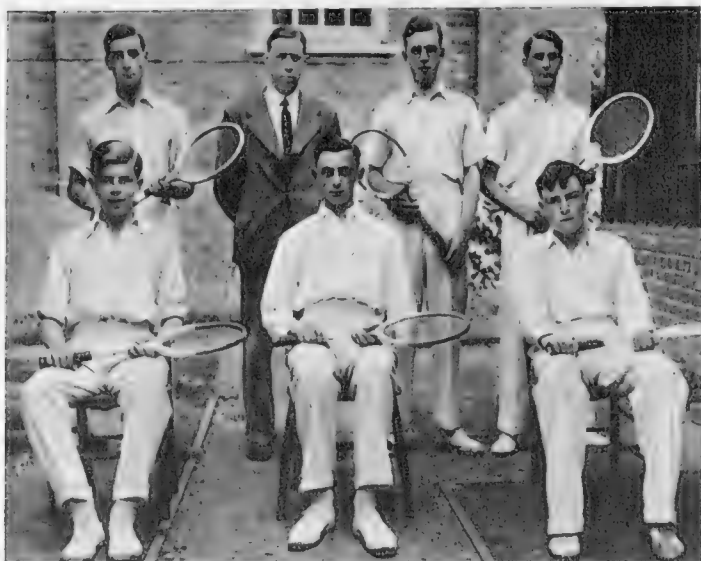


*In the living-room. Old furniture and carefully-chosen decorations give it a gracious and welcoming atmosphere*



*The composer and his wife enjoying the Sussex sunshine—another self-portrait*

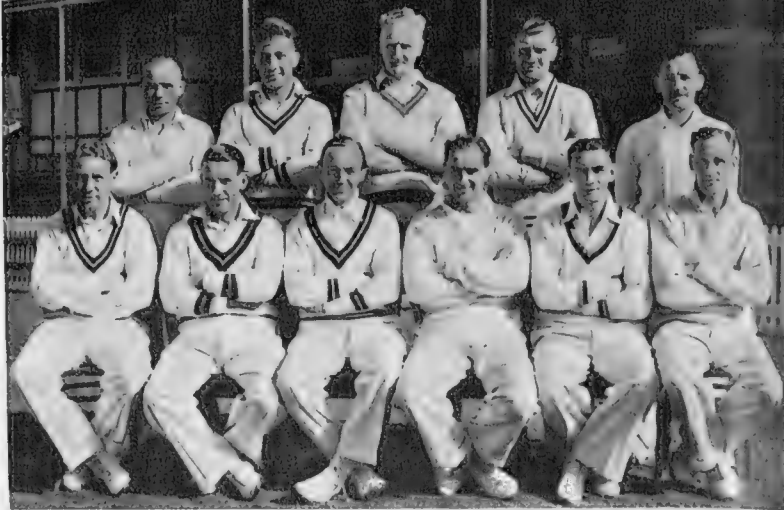




D. R. Stuart

### Eton College Lawn-Tennis Team

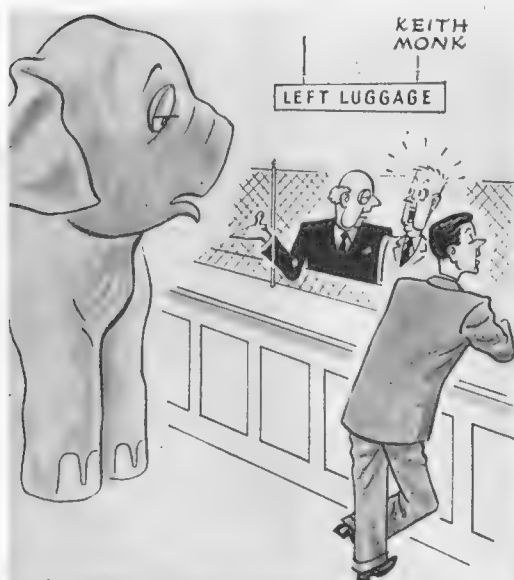
Sitting: C. W. Fox, J. R. Coats (captain), J. Crawshaw Williams. Standing: T. R. Maunderson, A. G. Cooper (coach), J. S. L. Hirst, T. G. Brooks



### Northamptonshire County Cricket Team

Sitting: E. W. Whitfield, J. E. Timms, P. E. Murray Willis (captain), D. Brookes (12th man, England), W. Barron, R. J. Partridge. Standing: P. Davis, A. G. Robinson, E. W. Clark, W. Nevill, H. W. Greenwood. Though low in the championship table, Northants have won on the first innings against such sides as India, Surrey, Kent and Essex

## D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



"E says 'e left a trunk 'ere!'"

**H** EINRICH HIMMLER's deathmask is now Exhibit A in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, and for all the benefit those hawkeyed boys will derive from staring at it (a psychologist assures us) it might as well be Annie Laurie's.

Obviously the place for the deathmask of Civilisation's most successful pedagogue is the Black Museum of the Headmasters' Conference, which contains very few objects of interest, a chap was telling us. An old elastic-sided boot belonging to Arnold of Rugby, a purple sock discarded, while drunk, by Verlaine during his period as a prep. school usher in Lincolnshire, a cane used by Ruskin when teaching the Island Race to love Art—these are about all. Scholastic agents say the exhibits might be better if open crime were more recognised in the profession. As it is they can't allow applicants much latitude, even under the heading "Games." "Cricket, hopscotch, and bigamy," for example, would never get past Mr. Gabbittas. Mr. Thring would be the first to query "Games. . . . Up to all sorts of fun and."

### Footnote

**A** MID such a mild collection of educational bric-à-brac Himmler's deathmask would strike a bracing note, though the exquisite scholastic primness of his features would put many Public School potentates to shame, causing them to resemble, in comparison, Silenus crowned with ivy and reeling with the grape. However, they could lend the Himmler Mask, when necessary, to their wives, in the Greek manner, thus ensuring new generations of perfect pedagogic pans. Bet you we have to remain behind when the bell rings.

### Bombshellette

**A** LL British heroines having sensible names, like Grace, Emily, Florence, and Mabel, a ripple of surprise passed over Clubland on discovering that one of the outstanding British heroines of World War II, just awarded the George Cross for incredible gallantry, bears the charming name of Odette, associated in every decent clubman's mind with froufrou, flâflâ, and a front stall at the Folies-Bergère.

Clubland's attitude towards this discovery coincides with that of Canon Chasuble in Wilde's exquisite comedy:

**JACK:** He seems to have expressed a desire to be buried in Paris.

**CHASUBLE:** In Paris! (Shakes his head.) I fear that hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last.

They take perhaps a different view in Alsace, of which St. Odette is patron, but one doubts whether foreigners are capable of right judgment in these matters. The French language is so full of substantives ending frivolously in "—ette" that serious-minded chaps generally

decline to learn it. Look up any memoir of the Victorian era and you will find that a French master's life in the Public Schools was unmitigated hell. Which only goes to prove, etc., etc.

### Ghosts

**R**OUND the quiet Rue de Bellechasse, near the Invalides, where M. Bidault recently affixed a tablet to the historic house in which the insurrection-call to the citizens of Paris was drafted in August 1944, hang one or two interesting ghosts from across the Channel.

At No. 70 lived Marshal MacMahon, the only Scot—barring the financier Law—who ever had France completely under his thumb (President, 1873-9); for Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Taranto, victor of Wagram, son of a Hebridean Jacobite, changed his politics too frequently to rise thus high. Yet for us the principal British ghost haunting the Rue de Bellechasse is a Curzon. The street covers part of the Pré-aux-Clercs, the ancient sports-ground of the University of Paris, for which (we hope this isn't boring you?) Cardinal Robert de Curzon of Kedleston obtained the Papal foundation-charter under St. Louis IX. How fascinating to see the 13th-century Cardinal fade into the 20th-century Viceroy of the same clan, for whom the classic rhyme was made at Balliol:

My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,  
I am a most superior purzon;  
My hair is soft, my face is sleek,  
I dine at Blenheim twice a week . . .

### Afterthought

**T**O be haunted simultaneously in the Rue de Bellechasse by the magnificent shades of a Cardinal and a Viceroy, both Curzons, used to give us a rather breathless feeling, and we nodded to people rather coolly. You know—or more likely you don't know, being haunted yourself (we guess) by terribly middle-class ghosts; uninteresting Elizabethan ladies in white, gibbering solicitors' widows in bombazine, shabby tigers on rollerskates shot by minor Commissioners, fifth-class Jacobean baronets clanking bargain-counter chains, and so forth. Well, well, there's nothing to be done about it, cullies.

### Snag

**A** GOSSIP-BOY folding his dainty wings a moment on the recent case of a J.P. who fined his own son for careless driving was inspired to a gay remark on the "somewhat parallel" case in Robert Louis Stevenson's unfinished masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*. But he erred, as butterflies do. *Weir of Hermiston* is based on an impossibly big nonsense, as any Temple playboy will tell you at once.

Its climax, as you probably know, was to be that the terrible judge, Lord Weir—drawn from a notorious 18th-century Scottish legal brute,



"I knew we could count on Mr. Ramsden to make a fourth"

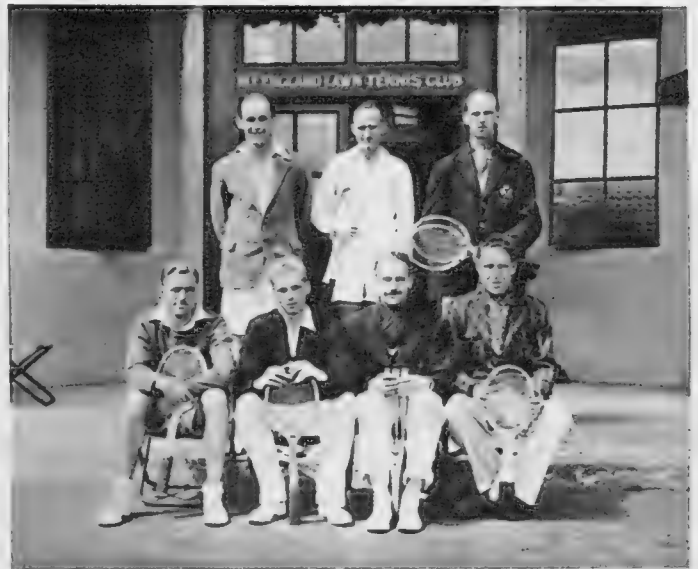




The India Cricket Team Touring Great Britain

Beacon

Sitting: C. S. Nayudu, D. D. Hindlekar, V. M. Merchant (vice-captain), the Nawab of Pataudi (captain), L. Amarnath, S. Mushtaq Ali, S. Banerjee. Standing: Gul Mahomed, V. S. Hazare, S. W. Sohoni, S. G. Swinde, R. S. Modi, A. Hafeez, W. Mankad, R. B. Ninbalkar, C. T. Sarwate



The Army Win Inter-Services Match

Sitting: Capt. D. R. Bocquet, Capt. F. J. Piercy, Lt.-Col. J. Clynton Reed, Capt. J. W. Spence. Standing: Capt. Harley Watkins, Capt. K. Lavarack and Lt.-Col. H. F. C. Horne

## Standing By ...

Lord Braxfield—has to sentence his only son to the gallows for killing a chap in a duel. Actually such a ghastly situation has been possible under no legal system created anywhere since civilisation began, and undoubtedly Slogger Stevenson must at one time have gathered this from one of those lawyers who infest Scotland under six separate shapes, namely Writers to His Majesty's Signet, Solicitors before the Supreme Courts, Enrolled Law Agents, Members of the Society of Procurators, Members of the Society of Advocates (Aberdeen), and Members of the Faculty of Advocates (Edinburgh). It isn't difficult to reconstruct the interview after the first anxious query:

Hmphm."

(Ten minutes' silence.)

"Ay."

(Fifteen ditto.)

"You think it's all right then, McWhirret?"

(Twenty ditto.)

Ay, it'll be juist nae guid at a', ma mannie."

I see. Good morning."

HOY!"

That's an old Gaelic cry, meaning "Twenty-five-and-six down, spot cash, please, no cheques." You find it in the Poems of Ossian, and maybe it partly explains why the Slogger chucked *Weir of Hermiston* in disgust.

### Cacique

**H**ARSHLY menacing those restless citizens who long to be mayors in the Utopian State, which will brook no absolutism but its own, one of the Government's minor bonzes was rather letting "ideology" run away with him, we thought.

Mankind can't exist without mayors. The most savage Amazonian tribe has its *cacique*, a commanding personality all over paint and feathers. When Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality were introduced by the Republic One and Indivisible there was a tricolor-scarfed *maire* in every commune to superintend the subsequent throat-cutting, unless we err. If a man has the makings of a mayor nothing can keep him down, and the populace knows it. Some years ago all England waited for the turbulent citizens of Rye in Sussex to rise against E. F. Benson, who, after guying them in several deliciously acid novels, seized the mayoral power. But although Rye's most famous citizen was hanged in chains in the 1740's for murdering the Mayor's sacred brother-in-law, there was not one squeak in the 1920's, even from the originals of Miss Mapp and the Major.

### Gift

**A**SARDONIC leader-writer chap quoting Tennyson's hackneyed line "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay" to

prove that Tennyson was a typical Victorian dumb-cluck, a complacent bonehead, and a sinister coco didn't convince us. Tennyson was not to know in the 1840's the way Europe would be going in the 1940's. Moreover, unlike most commentators, we think "a cycle of Cathay" means exactly what it says; namely a Chinese roadster, possibly a presentation from admirers at the Peking Bicycle Club.

As a keen cyclist Tennyson would naturally spurn the quaintly-carved bamboo frame, the gay paper lantern, the jade sprockets, and so forth. We see him quite clearly doing this at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. By his side bows the eminent Chinese poet Fah Too Long, who has come over to present it personally. The conversation is somewhat as follows:

"What the devil's this?"

"I present you with this bicycle, flee-wheel, two blakes, as a tribute to your great psychiatrist poem, *Idylls of the Kink*."

"Of the what?"

"Kink."

Victoria's Laureate being notoriously given to odious language when roused, we go no further. (*Idylls of the Kink!* Embarrassing poems on the Sub-Conscious weren't being written in that pre-Freudian era, recollect.) Whether he ever rode his Chinese bicycle, who knows? Maybe he turned it into one of those terrible Victorian structures for holding potted palms. As if you cared either way.

### Sensation

**A**ROUGH new play about a Dublin slum has caused the critic-boys to wag their big thoughtful heads in great dismay, we observe, slums being unknown to them except in plays from the Russian.

This lack of acquaintance with the Facts of Life (together with a habit of entering London, Brighton, and other health-resorts by the front door) leads the boys to believe—we've cross-questioned one—that if they ever got into a slum a harlot and two thugs with hearts of gold named Olga Ivanovna, Pyotr Ignatyevitch, and Nikolay Ryanovsky would immediately appear and, after relating in tears the story of their downfall, tend their critic-guests lovingly and restore them to their sorrowing friends.

This is a pure sentimental fallacy, derived from Gorky. Actually the thugs in any good underworld-slum would rip them up, the harlot would laugh immoderately, and we doubt if anybody would care a rap except the Critics' Circle, who would have to bargain for a wreath (they have an arrangement with the West End florists over first-night bouquets on sale or return) and hate all that bother.



"Sh-sh, don't wake her. She gets horribly cross when she's awakened"



"I understand this style is very popular in Australia"



# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

**G**ÂLI is an Eastern word, which means "invective," and would seem to be the most appropriate introduction to a note upon an incisive and most arresting dissertation in the *Sunday Times* by a major unit of the Legal Planetary System on "The Decline of Invective," since the East is the very cradle of the art.

It is quite certain that Lord Macmillan need not despair, for poor as may be the quality of the present-day "blazing diatribe," there is always this vast reservoir East of Suez, upon which anyone, who may find himself gravelled for matter, can draw. Gâli can, and does, penetrate to the innermost crevices of even the third and fourth generation of those whom the user detests, and His Lordship might do worse than add to his already ample knowledge by making even a superficial study of it. Anything, even Billingsgate, or the language the hardy folk who earn their living on our canals may use, is just chicken-feed by comparison.

Lord Macmillan's erudition upon this subject is the more surprising, since from the very moment any of his profession reaches the stratosphere of the Bench, immemorial custom seems to demand that he should at once envelop himself in a cloak of ignorance of the meaning of such current coin as N.B.G., B.F., and so forth. As a stuff gownsman, even when acting as Marshal to a fox-hunting judge on circuit, he knew of these things and lots of others of an even more purple hue; but from that moment when he vaults from the Bar to "Peter's Knee," he is compelled to forget, and ask counsel for succinct explanation. His Lordship is even expected not to know the difference between a bookmaker and the late Mr. Charles Dickens. Lord Macmillan's facts are incontrovertible, for we still wallow in the morass, in which the creditor, who was induced to believe that "nice polite letter" would do the trick far better than a Doodle-Bug charged with expletive, found himself. It may be recalled that he paused in his literary effort, and asked how many "r's" there were in a word signifying a bar sinister in the escutcheon.

## Light Horse Regiments

**I**T is the Indian variety of the species to which it is proposed to refer. Under the changed conditions all of them are due for eventual disbandment, because they are all composed of white men. Whether this event will take place before or after the withdrawal of all British forces from India remains to be seen; probably, however, the events will synchronise. Until the safety of the white population both in the cities and up and down the country is in some way assured, however, it is impossible to believe that any responsible British Government could contemplate leaving our compatriots out in the blue.

There are many people outside India, even some who have never been nearer "The Mysterious East" than East Peckham, who realise the risks in the present highly inflammable situation. Anyone who has inside knowledge unhappily knows them only too well. These Light Horse regiments were first embodied to contend with civil disturbance, and for the protection of the white population. All of them have been liable for service in any part of India in support of the regular forces, and some of them have so served. They are highly efficient, unpaid, mount themselves, and only their arms and other equipment are a Government issue.

In the Boer War, the First World War, and the second one they have

furnished a considerable quota of officers for the regular Cavalry and other arms. In the Boer War a composite regiment of mounted Infantry was raised by Colonel D. M. Lumsden, and was, naturally, entitled "Lumsden's Horse." They did good service on the Durban side, and were very unlucky to bump into a spot of real bother almost immediately after they had disembarked. They had bad casualties, principally in prisoners.

## Back to Mutiny Days

**M**OST of these Indian Light Horse regiments can date their beginnings back to those troublous times, when Yeomanry Cavalry was wanted in a hurry. The Calcutta Light Horse, for instance, are the rightful successors of the old Bengal Yeomanry Cavalry, who were disbanded when the 1857 trouble had died down. They were succeeded almost at once by the Calcutta Lancers, formed from the sporting and hard-riding citizens. They, in their turn, suffered disbandment, and the remnants were formed into a company of mounted rifles attached to the Infantry regiment, the Calcutta Volunteer Rifles. Very soon, however, they were formed into a separate unit, the Calcutta Mounted Rifles, and they carried on in this hermaphrodite state till about 1887, when they reverted to their old rôle and became undiluted cavalry of the Light Dragoon type.

The Behar Light Horse, another very celebrated regiment, have never been anything else but cavalry, and take no small pride in that fact. They are mainly recruited from the indigo planters, who, in their time, have furnished some of the best G.R.s and hunters of the ferocious hog India, or any other country, has ever seen. The mention of Paddy and Rowley Hudson may ring a bell or two in some memories; but there was a host of them, all rum 'uns to follow and bad 'uns to beat!

The B.L.H., when I knew them best, prided themselves not only on their high efficiency, but likewise on their spit and polish, particularly in the days of one Count Carandini, who was their adjutant, and came to them from the Scarlet Lancers. In the days of an

extremely unpopular Viceroy, when the B.L.H. came down from the north and went under canvas for the Christmas race week in Calcutta, they conceived a plan to kidnap His Excellency, take him away and souse him in an indigo vat. It was only Bill Beresford, who was then Military Secretary, who managed to persuade them not to carry their little plan into effect. I am not sure who was then commanding them, but it may have been Paddy Hudson, a compatriot of the Military Secretary. History has always said that it was rather a pity that Bill Beresford intervened, for H.E. had absolutely asked for it.

Light Horse of Calcutta, Behar, the Punjab, Bombay, Surma Valley, etc., what can take your places? And what is going to happen when you and the British troops go? Some people have very uncomfortable thoughts, and I am one of them, claiming a knowledge gleaned over many years.

## Northolt Undefeated

**I**N spite of the definite claim that the battle has ended in a victory for the people who want to uproot and destroy one of the best-appointed little racecourses in all England, I am assured that the other side have not yet been counted out. No fight is ever lost until it is won! In this one it looks to me, a mere onlooker, as if there were a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, and that the attack upon one of the few amenities possessed by Suburbia was actuated by something other than the pious desire to house the homeless in villa residences.

There is a much bigger and better building site quite adjacent. The destruction of Northolt is not, therefore, necessary, but rather calculated to reduce any attractiveness which the region of Ealing may possess. It all seems to me to be very ruthless, and has a tang of "ye munna whistle on the Sawbath." The world in general, and England in particular, holds few attractions in these piping times of peace, and I should think, therefore, that it is the wrong policy to take away from us any such compensations for our present ills as may still exist.



Prominent Racing Journalists, by "Mel"

It is not often that a bunch of the leading racing journalists on our daily and Sunday papers are gathered together in total agreement. The occasion was the inaugural dinner of the London Bloodstock Agency, at which the chairman, Mr. Claude Harper, was an excellent host. They are: Frank Harvey ("Keystone," "Sunday Dispatch"), D. J. Livingstone-Learmonth ("Horse and Hound"), Eric Rickman ("Robin Goodfellow," "Daily Mail"), Victor Smyth (the trainer, and director of the company), Cyril Luckman ("The Scout," "Daily Express"), Claude R. Harper (chairman), Clive Graham ("Daily Express"), Percy Rudd ("News Chronicle"), Frank Chamberlain (a director), Meyrick Goode (fifty years with "Sporting Life") and James Park ("Ajax" of the "Evening Standard")



## SCOREBOARD



**MAURICE LEYLAND** retires from cricket, and the Yorkshire team will be like Salisbury Plain without Stonehenge. When Leyland was batting, it was a Broad-bottomed Administration. Not even Walter Hammond was more feared by the

Australians. Leyland was born for Test Matches, for those hours when the dust flies from a broken pitch and spectators want something to gnaw, and even the Barracker forgets his purpose. When Leyland was preferred to Frank Woolley for Percy Chapman's trip to Australia in 1928, Kent's chief supporter referred to Maurice as "a cross-batted clod-stumper." The hobble-de-hoy had to wait till the Fifth Test, at Melbourne, when he made 137 and 53 not out. He bowled enormous off-breaks, with a jaunty hop, and once took eight wickets in an innings. The whole thing rather shocked Wilfred Rhodes. It was like a rumba introduced into a stately minuet.

Leyland was on the gay side for a Yorkshireman and tended to bat with his cap on one side. He had many a long partnership with that last-ditcher, Arthur Mitchell. Once, at the end of the day's play, he and the eminent critic, Neville Cardus, were discussing cricket-reporting over a modest quencher. Mitchell came in, and, fixing Cardus with a stern look, said: "Mr. Cardus, I don't like tha writing; it's too flowery." "And that's more than can be said of tha batting, Arthur," observed Leyland.

A FEW of us who were due to do Television commentary in the final Test at the Oval were on top of the pavilion waiting, in a little queue, or crocodile, for our turn to be introduced to the instrument. Just behind us sat the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee. The Television operator asked the P.M. to "say a few words," and, announcing him, said: "We have here to-day the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill." Mr. Attlee smiled tolerantly. Again the announcer referred to the presence of Mrs. Churchill, and the P.M. remarked: "Young man; you are a little out of date."

ROMANCE surrounds the unknown. Cricket fans were wondering who is the E. Crush who appeared with abrupt brilliance in the Kent side and took seven wickets in the match against Glamorgan at Dover. The solution is that Kent were two players short. Their twelfth man took the tenth place, and Mr. Crush was reported as having been "found on the ground." Somerset, in the days of Sammy Woods's captaincy, were used to such mysteries. As when Sammy, spotting a new face in the dressing-room at Sheffield, said, "And who might you be, my dear?" And the stranger said: "Don't you remember me, Mr. Woods? I was with you on the train, you know."

THE Folkestone Cricket Festival will be missed by those who used to play in it. Few of the inhabitants took much notice of it. They were too busy watching the boat leave for Boulogne. It was at Folkestone that I was barracked when fielding in the deep. I had been a little thoughtful over a pick-up and throw, and an old man behind me shouted, "Spectators have privileges!" They haven't; none at all. It was on the steep downs of Folkestone that I imagine the Roman legionaries had toboggan races on their shields for a few denarii a side. If they didn't they ought to have.

R.C. Roberts Glasgow.

## Mock Hunt for the Perth Pony Club

Members of the Perth Pony Club met recently at Seggieden, the home of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, the Duke of Hamilton's younger sister, at Kinfauns, where they took part in a "mock" hunt. Children on white ponies and dressed in white were the hounds and the fox was a young rider wearing brown, on a bay horse. Jennifer writes on the hunt on page 299



Earl Cadogan, Master of the Hunt, addressing the young followers



The Earl of Mansfield talking to Miss Penelope Dewar before the move-off



Master David Prain, of Errol, with his terrier, was among those listening to Earl Cadogan



Miss Jennifer Kirkbeck, Mr. Gerrard Fadry, the Earl of Mansfield and Mr. V. MacLaine



The field, on hunters of all sizes, moves off from Seggieden





*An impression of Capt. Edward Molyneux's famous grey and crystal salon. Any resemblance in the above to any living person is, says artist Peggy Schlegel, entirely incidental*

## LONDON'S HAUTE COUTURE

For Export Now, It Foretells the Shape of Things to Come in Britain

**L**ONDON'S designers stand higher than ever before in the International world of fashion to-day. They have acquired their high reputation in spite of the all-too-well-known difficulties of post-war Britain, including serious shortage of labour and material.

Proof of their standing in the eyes of the world's fashion experts lies in the fact that many of the collections were sold in their entirety long before the last stitches were put in the clothes. Advance orders from Canada buying all the new Peter Russell models were followed by an invitation for the designer

himself to travel to the Dominion this month. Digby Morton has announced that export orders received during the last six months from the Dominions and U.S.A. for his models amounted to more than £90,000, of which at least £50,000 has been delivered. Hardy Amies tells much the same story; so does Angele Delanghe, who before the war was practically unknown as a designer overseas.

From the Dominions, from the U.S.A., from the Scandinavian countries, the reports are the same—that the desire to follow the new line as dictated by British designers is insatiable.

Briefly, the great houses give these pointers to the "line" of '46 and '47. Touches of romance in full-skirted evening dresses, fantail backs in more formal gowns, the tulip skirt (like an inverted tulip with large overlapping petals), jackets 1 in. shorter, skirts (save in the Molyneux collection) 1 in. longer, lovely colourings inspired by the rainbow, small waists, rounded hips, outside pockets—these are but a few. The story is continued in pictures and sketches on the pages facing and overleaf.

Joan Lorimer



Sketches by  
Peggy Schlegel

Photographs by  
Eric Joy Smith and John Cole



Victor Stiebel at Jacqmar made this black dinner  
gown with pink yoke, bugle-embroidered



Angèle Delanghe's own favourite line—the  
long tunic effect



# London's Haute Couture (Continued)



Creed's tailored greatcoat in honey-coloured self-stripe woollen. Outstanding feature is the outside pockets, entered (surprisingly) from the rear



Stiebel's loose monkey jacket



Digby Morton's town suit in black with quilted black velvet hip panels. Worn with it is Pissot and Pavy's black-and-white printed velvet turban



Creed's regency cut-away

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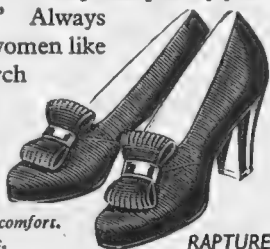


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## ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

## BOOKS

"The Trollopes"

"A Flask for the Journey"

"Letters to Florence Farr"

**T**HE TROLLOPES"—sub-titled "The Chronicle of a Writing Family"—is a lively, voluminous book from America, published at this side of the water by Secker and Warburg, at 18s. Its authors, Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins, are mother and son: this, their second adventure into biography, has had an enthusiastic reception in their country—for instance, "In general," says Mr. Clifton Fadiman, "this [book] is a 'must' for any Trollopian." "A mine of information . . ." declares Mr. Mumford Jones.

Both these pronouncements are unchallengeable. No English Trollopian ought wilfully to by-pass this packed book. The researches of Mrs. and Mr. Poate Stebbins have been indefatigable, and they have made an excellent lay-out of the results. In their interpretation of the close-knit, psychopathic Trollope family story they have not shown ingenuity at the expense of fairness. The book, in my opinion, suffers from two defects, the first inevitable—an essentially English quality in the Trollopes (call it contrariety, or sheer "awkwardness") seems, to the last, to elude their American chroniclers; and there is too much detail, so that the major family situation is, from time to time, somewhat diffused and blurred. However, the authors are entitled to their own method: it may well be their opinion that, psychologically, not the minutest going or coming of any one of the Trollopes is irrelevant to a picture of the family as a whole.

And what a family! The pen, one might say, was, as it were, a sixth finger to any Trollope's right hand; the habit of writing rapidly communicated itself to any Trollope bride—with, be it said, the exception of Anthony's own tranquil, hyper-feminine, tactful Rose. Anthony's elder son, Henry, was cast to the Moloch of literature by being bought a position in a publishing house, and felt forced to contribute a cagey and nervous preface to his father's *Autobiography*. The better-advised second son, Frederick, early withdrew to Australia, where he took up sheep. The total number of printed words appearing under the surname Trollope would, I imagine, if counted, be astronomical. And yet, not one of this family was a "creative artist" in the present-day, perhaps over-exacting sense. Honestly, overtly, all of them wrote for money.

#### The Trollopes and America

**T**HE TROLLOPES" arrives in England well into the heart of the Trollope boom. A good reception here is assured. Given the interest the book aroused in America, do we, also, assume a Trollope revival there? I think we may. But also, a semi-resentful interest attaches, across the Atlantic, to the family's name, for two reasons—the redoubtable Mrs. Trollope (Anthony's mother) was the authoress of, and sailed into fame on the strength of, a resounding book on American manners, of which she did not take a flattering view. And, Anthony himself did a permanent service to British authors by grappling with the matter of copyright for British books in America—the habit of "pirating," in which the most reputable transatlantic publishers of his own day indulged, might ensure for the British author a big name and heart-warming popularity, but brought him no monetary returns. Anthony, with royalties and the bank balance never out of his view, not only raged under this but felt the injustice keenly. Better, with his prestige at its height, he acted. Mrs. Frances Trollope and her fourth son have thus engraved themselves on American consciousness not only as literary figures, but as belligerents. The

Poate Stebbins' explanation of the Trollope attitude to America, to an American public, has thus considerable conciliatory value. *The Trollopes'* diplomatic intention should be, by us, both honoured and taken into account.

#### Father, Mother and Sons

**Y**ES, to keep in mind that *The Trollopes* was written by Americans for American readers adds, I think, substantially to the book's interest—which is, in its own right, great. The slight but perceptible foreignness of the early chapters, in which many institutions taken for granted by us (such as the public-school system and our fine-shaded British ideas of class) are somewhat naively explained, is only the overture to a thorough study of family feeling, family fantasies and family misunderstandings—which are much the same, one may take it, all over the world. The difficult, saturnine, disappointed father, Thomas Anthony, and his wife, the impulsive mother, née Frances Milton, are admirably brought out. This was a marriage founded on high hopes—both material and idealistic: Thomas Anthony, barrister, had been brought up to regard himself as his uncle's heir; Frances, the long-nosed, bright-eyed country clergyman's daughter, brought dreams of culture, property and social success to her late marriage. It is the Poate Stebbins' view—and who shall say they are wrong?—that Mrs. Trollope, in the first place, wrecked by her wild schemes the family fortunes that she later so bravely retrieved by her pen. Also, that Anthony—whom debts and misfortunes overshadowed during his adolescence, and who was the principal victim of a broken-up home—bore a lasting, if muffled, resentment against his mother.

The middle child of a large family occupies, our biographers point out, an often rather unfortunate position: between his promising seniors and his lovable juniors, he tends to be overlooked. Such was Anthony's fate: three brothers, the third of whom died young, and a sister who barely survived her birth, preceded him; two pretty, interesting delicate sisters followed. Anthony, born in 1815, inherited nothing much but great expectations, of which his youth was to see the wholesale decline, and the stubborn, late-developing family temperament. Thomas Adolphus, first child of the parents' marriage, slid through disasters with comparative ease: he was his mother's ally and confidant—and grubby, neglected Anthony felt the exclusion keenly.

Yet, it just was these deprivations and snubs, together with the day-dreams with which, as unpopular schoolboy and obscure Post Office clerk, he solaced himself, which were, in time to make Anthony into the genial, virile, ever-inventive novelist that we know. The many books of his mother, his eldest brother Tom, and Tom's two literary wives are now curiosities only: Anthony holds a place from which he will not—unless something goes very wrong with the world—again decline. I must assert, by the way, that I do not think the Poate Stebbins do justice to Anthony's *Autobiography*. They speak of it as the work of an "embittered egotist." To me, its very subjectivity is a virtue—as a self-portrait it has, in the English language, few equals. They refer, in their Preface, to the "inexplicable absence of any full-scale biography" of the author of the Anthony Trollope novels. Inexplicable? This, surely, explains itself—can anyone really hope to add much more to that life of which Anthony Trollope himself has given account? An account so full, so brisk, at once so searingly honest and so warmly coloured by feeling?

(Continued overleaf)



Elman and Glover

**Elizabeth Sellars** has made a great success in her first West End part as Marie, the French girl who marries a German officer, in "The Other Side" at the Comedy Theatre. Miss Sellars, who is twenty-three, combines the theatre with the law. She is studying to qualify as a barrister and is taking her Roman Law exam. in November.



Angus McBean

**Eileen Herlie**, a beautiful Scots-Irish newcomer to the London stage, has since last November scored three outstanding successes with the Company of Four at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in "The Trojan Women," "The Time of Your Life" and "The Thracian Horses." She has her most important part in "The Eagle Has Two Heads," which is being presented at Hammersmith

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**Muriel H. Hope**, in private life Lady Stephenson, painting a portrait of Lady Corry, wife of Sir James Corry, in her new studio, the former home of Shannon, the famous Edwardian portrait painter. Muriel Hope is the wife of Sir John Stephenson, Under Secretary of State, Dominions Office, and has returned to her pre-war career after six years of ambulance driving.

**ELIZABETH BOWEN**

reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 314)

### Frances

NO, I do not find that the Poate Stebbins themselves add much to our standing picture of Anthony—though they do, at some junctures, from the outside, explain him. The actual masterpiece of this book is Frances Trollope, his mother—at once so shrewd and so foolish, so heroic and so easily rattled, so aristocratic in notions and faulty in her behaviour, so naturally joyous and so often prostrated by losses and deaths and griefs. Mrs. Trollope's experiments and adventures, her travels abroad, her non-stop, desperate writing of books, her social career (from the shacks of the new Middle West to the most exclusive salons of Vienna and Paris), her house-buying, her party-giving—all these make endearing reading. The authors suggest that Mrs. Trollope inspired several of her son Anthony's outstanding, and less sympathetic, female characters: certainly she was a character in her own right. And Tom Trollope (Thomas Adolphus) comes in a good second: glimpses of Tom, in Anthony's *Autobiography*, are tantalizing; one is glad to have, here, the entire portrait filled in.

Tom, his two successive wives and his mother had a high time in Italy, in those cosmopolitan circles surrounding Florence. The Brownings, and other celebrities, cross the scene; and in pictures of these delectable groups of expatriates, with their culture, tattle and lemonade-drinking, the Poate Stebbins have put in some of their best work.

### What DOES a Prison Make?

F. L. GREEN's novels are always distinguished in their conception, original in their matter and vividly interesting to read. That his latest, *A Flask for the Journey* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) should not be, at least in my view, his most successful does not argue any sort of decline—but rather, that this novelist, always on the move, has insisted on the artist's right to continue to explore new ground and look for new aspects of human nature. If experiments always came off, much of their moral interest would be lacking. In this case, I don't think Mr. Green has made his intentions and meaning absolutely clear—he is reaching towards something vitally important to himself and his readers, to all of our war-struck generation: the question of, what is freedom? In his search for truth he has made mouthpieces of, to the ordinary eye, improbable types; and also, some of the narrative in *A Flask for the Journey* has the atmosphere of allegory rather than straight fact.

The central figure in this novel is a returned prisoner of war, now an accountant in civilian life. He, the speaker, Jack Kaspan, finds himself immobilized in the house of an absent, rich old lady, in a provincial city, in the grip of a General Strike which has (not, it would seem, improbably) been the outcome of futile post-war political experiments. Kaspan, only issuing from the house to queue up for food, is awaiting the arrival of his chief, Burd, before getting down to the auditing of Mrs. Gellson's accounts. He is, in his own way, enjoying this pause and vacuum when to him enters the old lady's niece, Jane—beautiful, hostile, determined to camp in the house also, and, from her nervy manner, evidently a refugee from some situation or other. It is to Jane, his roof-mate of a night, that Kaspan's life story, with particular stress on his prisoner-of-war sensations and their lasting significance, is told. It had not been among his fellow-captives but among his captors, in the persons of two or three anti-Nazi Germans, that Kaspan had found understanding of his spiritual plight. . . . Spliced into Kaspan's narrative is Jane's own story—as brought to light, next day, by the suicide of the lover from whom she had run away: Jane, too, it transpires, has been a prisoner, though in another sense. . . . *A Flask for the Journey* is a novel which rivets the brain and disturbs the imagination without (or so I found) deeply touching the heart.

### Letters to a Lady

BERNARD SHAW and W. B. Yeats: *Letters to Florence Farr* (Home & Van Thal, 7s. 6d.) is a fascinating collection, edited by Clifford Bax. The letters were, the editor tells us, sent to him in a box by Miss Farr, before her departure from England to end her days in a Vedantist seminary in Ceylon, with instructions that the box be not opened until after her death. This having occurred in 1917, Mr. Bax, with the permission of Bernard Shaw and of Mrs. W. B. Yeats, now publishes the correspondence. No one interested either in human relationships or in genius should miss the book—with its facets of two of the most brilliant Irishmen of our time, as revealed in letters to the same woman.



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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

THERE is much to be said for the Air Ministry's policy of changing the pilots designated for successive attempts on records. But it is a new thing in aviation. In the old days of speed record breaking, specialists would arise and make their names and—less often—their fortunes by repeated successes.

I suppose the most famous air speed "recordman" was Sadi Lecoq, who established a string of world records and has now had a street in his native town in France named after him. But Britain's present method is to switch from one man to another.

It seemed in 1931 that no one would ever prove a better speed pilot than the late George Stainforth—and I still look on him as the finest pilot the R.A.F. has ever produced. But then, in 1945, Group Captain Wilson and Mr. Eric Greenwood flew almost perfect runs at Herne Bay.

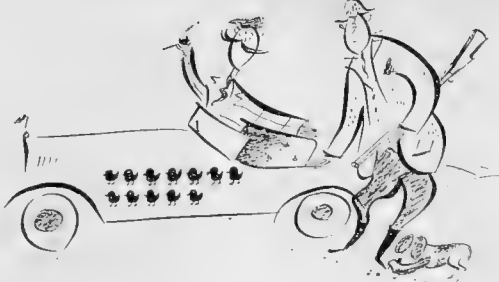
This year I was down at Rustington and Tangmere watching the preliminary test and practice flying by Group Captain E. M. Donaldson and Squadron Leader W. A. Waterton and—although the record attempt has not been made at the time of writing—it appears to me that once more two first-class men have been found.

## Donaldson Tells The Tale

THERE is an interesting contrast in their characters. Donaldson quick and unpredictable; Waterton stable and rather silent. Donaldson won the affections of the dozens of newspapermen by his astonishing knack of turning out vivid phrases.

When he casually announced that he was going to "blow the cobwebs off" the two star Meteors there was a rush for the telephones. But no correspondent managed to tell the story of hitting the seagull with the gusto of Donaldson himself. It was a little masterpiece of quick, slangy, much embroidered reportage.

I happened to be there when he landed his Meteor after the event and heard his account. He began it by saying that he had been flying very slowly, at 450 miles an hour, and decided to go down and have



"... not to mention a few 'probables' and 'near misses'."

a look at the clock in the timekeeper's hut to find out what time it was. Then he saw the seagull, which was late in its avoiding action and was caught by the Meteor's starboard wing.

The account went on in a manner which I cannot hope to reproduce, but which left the assembled professional writers gasping in admiration. Yet all this quick-fire stuff goes with some technical knowledge and enormous flying skill. I hope that by the time these notes appear Donaldson or Waterton will have managed to put up that record.

## Where Britain Leads

A FEAST of good things has been prepared for those invited to the air display which the Society of British Aircraft Constructors is holding. There is the static side and the flying side and both should give a fair picture of Britain's position in the aeronautical world.

If I were asked to name the things in which British work has been to the fore I would first quote gas turbines and next radar. But there is now a considerable effort going on—as I have mentioned before—to gain a similar advance in cabin pressurization. I am hopeful that our manufacturers will succeed in this extremely difficult field as well.

Meanwhile I had good evidence of the standards we have reached in gas turbines during the speed record preliminaries mentioned above. The Rolls-Royce Derwent turbojets in the Meteors were models of good behaviour.

All the old troubles and checks we used to expect as the normal thing with piston engines seem to have disappeared with the turbine. It is quickly installed; starting is amazingly easy; there is no warm-up period and the engines, even when pushed for record purposes, seem to have a quite exceptional degree of reliability.

## Controls for Novices

IT will presumably be some time before sufficient information has been collected about the behaviour of the new control system of the interesting little Chrislea Ace to enable a final judgment to be passed upon it.

First reports are promising, but it is almost certain that the experienced pilot will cling to his separate foot rudder-bar and will fight shy of control systems which concentrate all the main flying controls in the hands.

For the novices the case is different. They have no fixed ideas of what the controls of an aeroplane ought to be or do. They may take to the hand control more readily. And it must be remembered that the Ace hand control system differs from the hand control systems tried in many American machines.

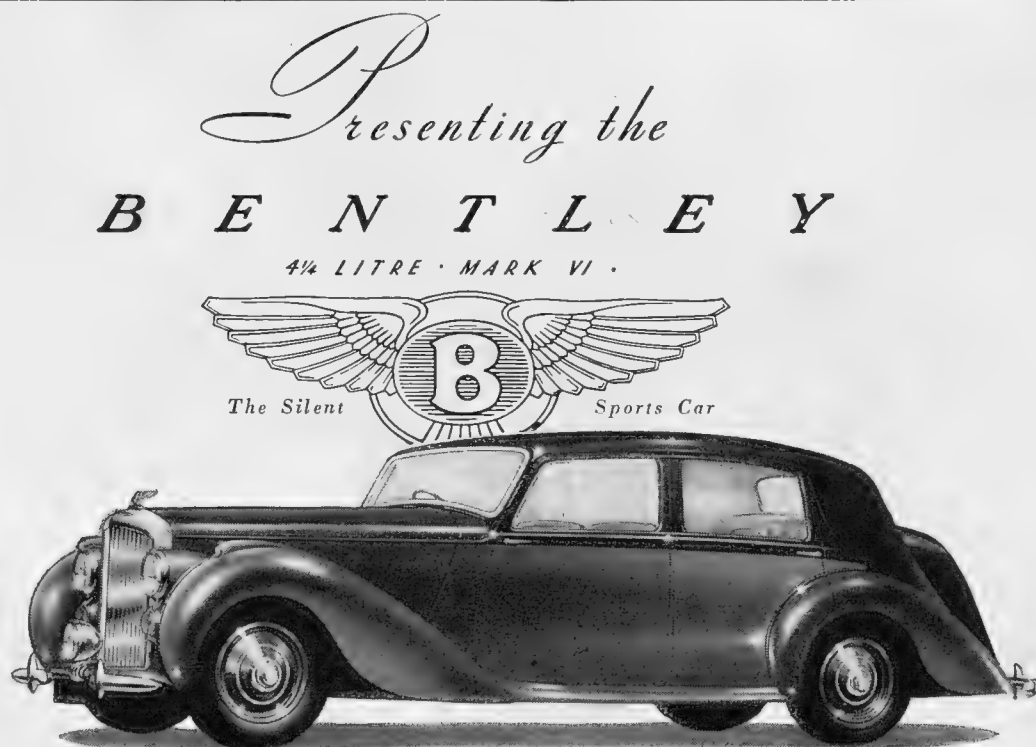
The Ace has a system which gives the pilot the power to operate ailerons, rudder and elevator independently. Most of the other hand systems link ailerons and rudder together. The only thing on which there seems some doubt is the fact that in the Ace the wheel is *lifted*, instead of being pulled back, to raise the elevator and turn the nose upwards. On this matter I am awaiting further information.

## Aero Club Observers

THERE was some argument at Tangmere about the exact functions of the Royal Aero Club observers for the speed record work; but as a matter of fact the rules of the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale* make their duties clear. They are the representatives of that organization and are therefore the people upon whom rests the whole responsibility for seeing that the rules are obeyed.

Now that records are an affair of Government departments, we must not forget this fact. And it will continue to be a fact so long as world records are genuine world affairs, internationally accepted and internationally controlled.

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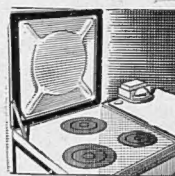


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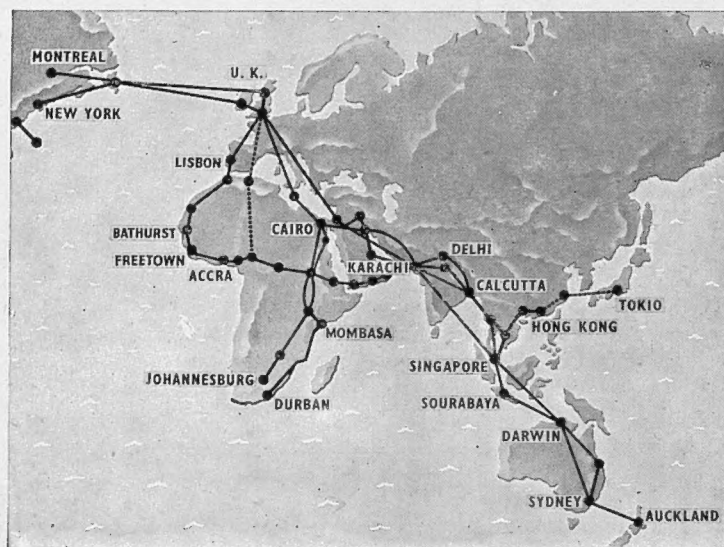
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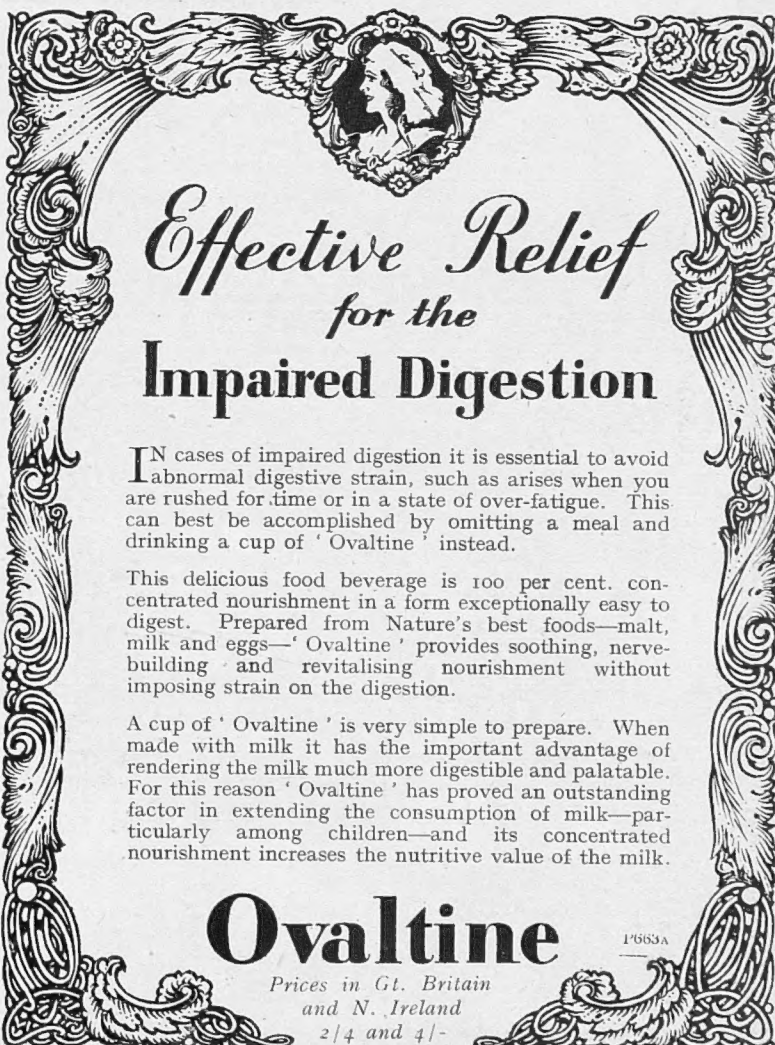


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